THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1455.

Original Poetry.

ERNEST TO IDA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HELEN IRVING.

"FORGET ME!"

I might forget thine eye's soft light
With inspo of feeling warm,
Forget that tone look, warm and bright,
Which flashed through happy tears.

I might forget the blush that stole
In welcome to thy cheek—
The smile revealing to my soul
The joy thou would'st not speak.

I might forget thy graceful mien,
Thy motion light as air—
I've thought those angel wings unseen,
Thou still on earth did'st wear!

I might forget thy beauty rare,
Ut form, and soul, and heart,
Let memory perish with like truth,
We dared few'n apart!

But, ah! thy voice—its liquid tone
Aye ripples on mine ear—
I cannot choose but feel, my own,
Fed life is not more dear!

I hear it at the morning bright,
And through the busy day—
Mid grief and care, its whispers light
Make music round my way.

Its breathing at the twilight hour
Some sad, beloved strain,
That will a wild, resistless power,
Bangs back the past again.

It comes with midnight's starry gleams,
It mingles in my prayer—
Its echo lingers on my dreams—
"Fa with me every where!

"Twice vain, beloved, to say farewell,
Forever I shall be so happy
And in the future's far heaven set,
Say nine some I see!

Would o'er life's wave my back might glide,
To the heath of love's sweet clime,
Where to thy voice, my love, my bride,
The listening ears keep time!

Pictures of Life.

ISABEL DENISON.

A Story of the Heart.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

The sentinel
That should ring 'larum to the heart doth sleep.
Ben Jonson.

It is not but the tempest that doth show
The seaman's coming, but the field that tries
The captain's courage. *Daniel.*

Grosvenor Square, May 6, —

MY DEAREST ANTY RACHEL:—

You ask me if I am happy. I am, I am indeed, very happy;—but when I tell you that I am happy, you should rather infer that I forget sometimes that you are *any lady* at Ellerton. I liked being at Torquay, for it was very beautiful, and now I like being in London, for it is all very new and exciting, but it is none of these things that makes me happy. It is pope. Oh, Aunt Rachel! you cannot conceive what an interest it is to me to try and please him! I must be happy when he looks kindly at me, as he often does, and life can never be tedious while I try and avoid his grave look, which I dread more than anything in the world. This was what interested me at Torquay, and this is what interests me more than all besides in London.

I have been going out a good deal, and I like it, but I don't think I like it very much indeed. I know some agreeable people, but there are some that I particularly care about. At first, I thought almost every body clever and amusing; people have a light merry way of speaking, which makes me laugh and pleasures me for the time, but it does not make me care about seeing them again. I begin to wish for something else. Will you tell Herbert what I say, that is, if you think it right. The only person in London that he need be jealous of is papa. I think he may be a little jealous of him.

I think, even you, Aunt Rachel, would not call my present life very dissipated. We often go out, but we never stay late, and we seldom breakfast later than ten o'clock. And after breakfast I read with Mrs. Denison, and I have masters, and I really don't waste a very great deal of time. In short, I begin to think I am a very steady, sober person, and that you and Herbert have quite wrong in your fears about me. I often think of Ellerton, and I have solid reasons of driving down one night (a good long drive), and when I said something about it to papa, but he looked grave, and so I must give it up for the present. And now, I must end my long, and, I am afraid, selfish letter, but you are so interested in everything that I am obliged to write about myself.

My Clarence Denison is just come in, and begs me to give his best love to you, and also begs that if you see Mr. Grey, you will tell him that he is only just beginning to forget his sermon. I dare say he only meant those messages for impertinence, but I told him I should give them to you.

God bless you, dear Aunt Rachel! I am sure, judging by myself, that I need not say, do not forget me.

Your most affectionate,
ISABEL DENISON.

Miss Shepherd read this letter and smiled. She watched for the days on which Isabel usually wrote to her, with an anxiety which she had never felt on any subject before, and if by chance the expected letter did not come, it was a disappointment which even her well-regulated mind could not prevent from throwing a cloud over the day. They came like gleams of sunshine over her heart. She had read this letter and smiled. Thinking it would please Herbert Grey, she gave it to him on their next meeting. he read it, laid it down, and sighed.

"Now, Herbert, why do you sigh?" said Miss Shepherd, with some dissatisfaction. "Surely there is nothing in that letter but what should give us pleasure!"

"I hardly know why I sighed," said Herbert, and yet he sighed again. "So bright, so confident, it makes me tremble—trouble lest I should lose her," he added, in a low, tremulous voice. "But you are right; there is nothing to sigh about. How happy she seems and how unspoiled!" and he took up the letter again.

That Herbert should sigh was not unnatural.—Her mention of him was not, perhaps quite such as would please or satisfy a lover's anxious heart.—Perhaps he felt this, although Miss Shepherd could not.

Isabel spoke the truth as to her own feelings. When Mr and Mrs Denison arrived in London after Easter, having spent the winter at Torquay for the benefit of Mrs Denison's health, she was promised, and, as the phrase is, "came out." So graceful, so beautiful, and so human, it was impossible that she should not make a sensation, and the admiration and flattery lavished upon her were sufficient to satisfy even Mr Denison's exacting pride and affection.—And Isabel was excited: there were moments when her heart beat at the looks and words of admiration which seldom failed to greet her, but it was only for the moment—their memory faded from her mind as quickly as the voices from her ear—and in a position calculated to dazzle the strongest, she was not satisfied. The enchantment of her life, a friend to deeper thought than is common with young girls, her short but interesting acquaintance with Herbert, and the vein of romance which, unevenful as her life had been, had tinged its early history, made the flavorless gossip and often unmeaning conversation of her London acquaintance insipid, if not tiresome; and though she liked the excitement of her present life, she was not carried away by it. She was discatisfied. It requires some object more than commonly interesting, to make a London ball room agreeable night after night, except to the very young, or the very heartless. The time was approaching, however, which was to try her more severely.

A few mornings after the date of her letter to Miss Shepherd, Isabel ran hastily down to breakfast, having been delayed to a later hour than usual. When she opened the door, she saw a young man sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Denison. He got up as she entered.

"Why on earth are you so late, my dear Isabel?" said her father. "Clarence has been waiting this half hour to see you. Lord Clarence Brooke, Isabel.

As she bowed, a thought just flashed through her mind. "I must have seen that face before;" but after an instant's surprise, Lord Clarence came toward her.

"We are old acquaintance, surely, Miss Denison!" and he held out his hand to her with a smile that had once haunted her memory.

"Old acquaintance!" said Mrs. Denison; "why where can you and Clarence have met, Isabel?"

She looked at him with a puzzled look then there came a blush and a smile; and—"Ah! I remember;" but she did not explain. Lord Clarence, in a few words, related their meeting near Ellerton.

"I little knew who you were, Miss Denison," he said, turning again toward her; "and though I have often and often thought of your kindness I little thought we ever should meet again." He had sate down for a moment, but soon rose to go.

"Have you taken your seat, Clarence?" asked Mr. Denison.

"No; I go down to the House to-day and I have to ride into the country first, to look at a horse, which makes me rather in a hurry this morning—is there any thing going on? I have been talking and speechifying so much lately myself, that I have not had time to read or to hear any thing."

"Yes, I believe there will be rather an important division to-night."

"Ah! well, I shall be down there. I heard that I must take my seat to day. Do you go out to-night Emmeline?"

"Yes, we are going to a ball at Lady Louisa King's. Shall we see you there?"

"If you had asked me that question ten minutes ago, I should have said, certainly not; but now I think, I shall avail myself of a polite invitation which I saw on my table," and he smiled at Isabel as he spoke—that haunting smile.

Lord Clarence Brooke was a first cousin of Emmeline's, a year or two older than herself. They had been much together in their childhood, and now after many years, their early friendship caused them to meet again almost as brother and sister. Mr. Denison had been returned for a northern borough in the winter, and, having been assisted by Clarence in canvassing at the time of his election, the former had taken a great fancy to him, and Isabel had heard much of him both from her father and Emmeline.

He was the second son of the Duke of ——, and a soldier, but, having a tolerably good fortune of his own, he followed his profession for occupation and amusement, rather than from necessity. He was at this time very happy in having been returned for his native county; for his active restless mind was always in search of employment, no uncommon want among the noble and rich, and powerful. He was what officers call a fine young man, and politicians a promising one, what young mothers call a good match, and young ladies a very nice person. All this he was and a good deal more but descriptions are tedious things.

"Do you look forward to your ball to-night?" asked Mrs Denison, as Isabel came down, beautifully dressed, and looking surpassingly lovely. She remarked a peculiar brilliancy in her spirits and complexion, which had struck her before now, when ever Isabel was pleased or excited.

"Yes, I think I do, though I hardly know why," and Isabel blushed as she spoke, for she had not been conscious of the fact till that moment.

She had danced several times, and was wondering why she had thought so much of a ball, which now struck her as particularly dull, before Lord Clarence appeared. She had just gone back to Mrs. Denison when he entered the room, and immediately came toward them.

"I had given you up," said Mrs Denison; "it is one o'clock and we never stay beyond two."

"There was a division, and, of course, I was obliged to stay for it. However, I must not complain, for at one time I did not think it would have been over till two or three o'clock."

A young man approached, and asked Isabel to dance. Not very well pleased, she was forced to say yes.

"Now, Emmeline," said Lord Clarence, "is not this hard? I did not like to treat Miss Denison in the usual style, beginning at once with. 'Are you engaged for the next quadrille?' and see how I am rewarded! Now it must be done. Are you engaged for the next quadrille? and see how I am rewarded! Now it must be done. Are you engaged for the next quadrille, dear Miss Denison?

At last they went to dance. As they stood together before the music began, he turned to her suddenly—

"I have been very much put out all to-day. Do you know why, Miss Denison? No, I dare say you would not guess! It was at seeing, when I remembered you so well, how little you remembered me. Not that I could have expected you to remember me, but I sometimes one is disappointed even when one does not expect a thing."

"I remembered that I had seen you before, only I could not recollect where."

"Ah, but if I had met you in any part of the world—in India—I should have remembered you I have so often caught myself thinking of you and your pretty little companion. It was strange, our meeting, was it not?" She slightly blushed—she could not have told why. "How changed your life must be!" he said, looking at her, after a pause, "I only passed through Ellerton once, but it seemed a dull place."

"Quiet, perhaps, but not dull. I was very sorry to leave it."

"I suppose, because you were fond of the place. We all like our Childhood's Home, don't we? But you could not have had many amusements there."

"Not amusements exactly, but interests."

"What kind of interests?"

"Duties, and"—Isabel hesitated, "other things."

"I must not ask what other things," said Lord Clarence, smiling; "for I ought to be ashamed of my impertinence. But will you forgive me, if I ask you about your duties?" He saw that she blushed and hesitated. "I don't answer me now," he said. "I will ask you again another day, when you know me better. I am almost afraid that you think I should laugh at duties, but you are very much mistaken. Will you talk to me about your present life? he continued, after a moment. "I am afraid it will be a question again. Do you like going out very much?"

"Yes, I like it," she said, slowly, "very much, but not madly. I mean, that I expected to like it much better than I really do. Are you tired of this kind of society?"

"I once liked it, not very much, but madly," he said, smiling; "now, I am eight and twenty, Miss Denison, and though I sometimes go out from habit, I don't like it; it bores me. And yet, after a pause, he added, "I feel to-night as if I were going to have an attack of it again."

"You speak as if it was an illness," said Isabel, laughing.

"It is an illness—a downright fever, when the fit is on. I will since you all the symptoms of the disease some day, when I know you better."

"Do you see any bad symptoms in my case?" said Isabel, trying to make herself feel at ease with him, in which she could not quite succeed.

He looked at her with a look of grave scrutiny, then shook his head. "No, strange to say, I think you have entirely escaped! There is a very bad case, I'm sure, though I don't know her," and he pointed to a pretty young girl, who stood at some distance, eagerly talking to three or four people at once. "I laugh now, and moralize a great deal about it," he continued, after a moment, "and am very apt to forget that I once had the disease as badly as, if not worse than my neighbors."

The music stopped, and they returned to Mrs Denison.

CHAPTER XI.

How happily the days of Thalaba went by!
Southey.

On the evening of that first day's acquaintance with Clarence, when Isabel sate alone in her room, there was a weight upon her conscience—an undefined fear—that she had enjoyed herself too much, and Herbert's eyes seemed to rest reproachfully upon her. But this was the first, and last, and only time that she was visited by such a reproof; the intimate and familiar terms on which, after this day, she lived with Lord Clarence, while, in fact, it crossing tenfold her danger, destroyed all fear of it in her mind.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Denison liked Lord Clarence; and being such near relations, and his own family coming rarely to London, Mr. Denison gave him a general invitation to his house, and the young man, though he did not presume upon this kindness, yet was not slow to avail himself of it when it was offered. At dinner, especially, they often met. Sometimes Mr. Denison brought him home with him from the House of Commons; sometimes he dined with them before a crowded ball, that he might be of use to Emmeline; in short, a day seldom passed that they did not somewhere meet, and the very excess of her danger utterly blinded Isabel's eyes. Many things aided her delusion; Clarence's manners were frank and open, sometimes affectionate, but rarely empressé. He never complimented; and, after their first meeting, never said anything which gave the idea that he thought of her, or marked her out with any particular preference. They were very great friends; Isabel liked to think that he was what a brother would have been to her.

The fact was that, although, from the very first day, Clarence was conscious of a new feeling in his own mind, he kept a strict watch upon himself. There was no hurry. He would not lightly try to gain her affections; he would not lightly yield his own; he would read the very depths of her heart before he spoke. Another reason he had for not as to gain her love, she should not choose him in darkness and in ignorance; but her choice should be made from the world and before the world.

This reasonable determination it was not difficult to follow, as no rival appeared; that is to say, no favored rival. Many there were who loitered about the beautiful beiress, day after day, who would have given the world for a sign of encouragement from her; but, while her beauty attracted them, there was a reserve and a dignity in her manners which prevented the slightest approach to a flirtation, and even a lover's wayward heart could not have doubted that to Clarence, however slight that preference might be, the preference was given.

Every thing conspired against poor Isabel's heart. If Mr. and Mrs. Denison saw the danger, they approved it. It might be in their hearts a bright day-dream that Isabel should be Clarence's wife, but neither by word nor look did it ever appear that such a thought had entered their imaginations. Isabel's only safeguard was in their very rare opportunities of private conversation; they were usually a source of danger. And yet, perhaps, after all, this was not a safeguard, but a danger, from the additional interest it gave to their meetings.

About a fortnight after their first acquaintance at a larger dinner than usual, in her father's house, she sat next to Clarence. After a good deal of conversation, in which her other neighbor persisted in joining, there came a pause, and Clarence reverted to the subject of their first discussion.

"I have so few opportunities of really talking to you, that, although I have often thought of it, I have never asked you again about Ellerton. Now that I know me better, I think I may, know me well—will you tell me what duties made you happy there?"

"Can not you guess what kind of duties would be required of one in such a place?"

"I suppose you mean visiting the poor—perhaps reading to them?"

She smiled.

"And you say you liked your duties?"

"Yes, very, very much. It is a great pleasure to me—I suppose it is to every body—to feel that I am doing some little good in the world. You can not think how I used to feel, Lord Clarence, when I first came to Ellerton."

"You have duties of another kind here."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Isabel, slowly; "but my duties here are so pleasant, and make me so happy, that I sometimes doubt if they can be called duties at all.

"I see, I have remarked before now," said Lord Clarence, looking at her for a moment, "that you think very seriously of life. I dare say you are right. I dare say, if I felt that I was useful to any human creature, I should not have such weariness, gloomy fits as I often have now."

"Gloomy, Lord Clarence?" and Isabel raised her eyes to his bright, expressive countenance, with a smile.

"Yes. Do you doubt what I say? I am pretty well this year, for I have not much time to think about it, but sometimes I am really to long myself. My life has no particular object, and, after very young days, a life without an object must be heavy.

"Yes, but I suppose that every life can have an object!" said Isabel, gently.

"What is the object of your life?" asked Lord Clarence, looking earnestly at her.

"Oh, I have plenty to think of! I know that few are so fortunate as I am in so happy as I am, but I suppose the most dreary, desolate life that one can conceive ought to have an object!"

"You mean, I think, in a religious point of view; that to do our duty to God and to man ought to be the object of every one's life. Yes, that may be true, but what in one's duty? It's not think, he continued, cautiously, "that I doubt it; it seems to me an easy thing to say, and a very difficult one to act upon. I can fancy many kinds of life, very happy life in which such duty would come naturally, but, in others, in my wandering, desultory life, for instance, what is my duty? I may avoid evil—perhaps—but what good can I do?"

"I know so little of life," said Isabel, "that I am not able to answer you, but I am sure that you could do some good. If you ever go to Ellerton again, ask my aunt or Mr. Grey, and they will answer you to your full satisfaction."

"And who is Mr. Grey?"

Here Mrs Denison carried off the ladies to the drawing room.

When the gentlemen came up, Charles Denison sate down by Isabel. "What on earth were you talking to Clarence about at dinner? I lived three several times to make you look at Mr Conway, eating, first, jelly, then cheese, and then ice with his hands—I believe the very same knife, carefully preserved—but all in vain. If I may be permitted to ask, what was the subject of that interesting discussion?

"It is no use for me to tell you, Uncle Charles," said Isabel, smiling, "for you say you never think."

"Oh! it was moralizing and metaphysics, was it! I thought as much. Do you like Clarence, Isabel?" he said, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, very much indeed," she answered, without a blush, and with the most fearless openness.

"Well, he is a very nice fellow, I must say. Some people call him handsome but I don't understand that. That young preacher at Ellerton was a handsome man, Isabel—that's my style. Which do you think the best looking of the two?"

"Oh! Mr Grey, no doubt. I never saw anybody like him. But I don't agree with you, Uncle Charles, the contrast with the same open manner. "I think Lord Clarence very good looking, too.

At her uncle's question, a feeling shot through Isabel's mind, one of those strange, vague, unpleasant sensations which we have scarcely time to lay hold of before they pass and are gone. It, however, it was a momentary effort of conscience to awake her from her blindness, it was, as it too often the case, for her answer not only allayed any suspicion which might have arisen, but excited a feeling of complacency and self-approbation, which of all things is the most effectual bar to the opportunions of conscience.

It must not be supposed that any of these thoughts or feelings passed consciously through Isabel's mind; it was one of those strange internal processes which occupy but an instant, and which are remembered at the time, which may be remembered afterward, and it remembered, serve to remind us that we did not fall into temptation without some warning, however little heeded by ourselves.

Her open manner saved her from another warning, which would probably have been more effectual. Charles Denison had intended to tease his niece about Clarence, as a young uncle might think himself privileged to do, but the result of his short conversation made him think it unnecessary. He was wrong, however, in the inference he drew from her ready confession of liking Clarence. He did not consider that it must be conscious love which would make a shyness about it. When love comes in a more subtle form, the fearless confidence, the undisguised preference, becomes at once the danger and the symptom of the danger.

CHAPTER XII.

True, gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush,
And falls unseen, until its bright drops strew
With odors, herb and flower, and bank and bush.
Allan Cunningham.

But what can love, even the highest love, say more?

What it would say, I know not, but I can guess what it would feel. It is a quicker pulsation in the veins of friendship; it is the lighter step.
The Neighbors.

The London season was drawing to a close. Isabel's intimacy with Lord Clarence had increased every day, and with that intimacy the blindness and delusion with respect to her own feelings increased also. She still thought of Herbert, she felt that she was visited with more all her thoughts had delighted to dwell. She had little time to remark it little time to think; it was not that outwardly her dissipation had much increased, but inwardly it had—the excitement of her mind never died away. And still Clarence sided the delusion, through the whole season, no lightest word of love had ever crossed his lips.

One night he had dined with them, before a ball Isabel went up to dress immediately after dinner, and came down, as she usually did, to be ready to make her father's tea. She found Clarence alone.

"Mr Denison has gone to a meeting called by somebody, railway business, I think. He begged you would make tea, and said he would soon be back."

She made the tea, and then sat down at the table where Clarence had been seated.

"My dd you look so surprised at dinner to day, when I said that I was going to be married?" asked Lord Clarence. "I waited so much to ask you the reason why, but I waited."

"I was not surprised at her marrying—only at her marrying Mr Graves."

"But why?—Mr Graves is a very good sort of man, above the average, I should say, a good deal."

"Oh, yes, it was not that, but it was only about three weeks ago that she was quite laughing at the idea! She said there were particular reasons why she and Mr Graves should be great friends, but that they were nothing more.

"I believe she spoke truly," said Clarence. "He was a friend of her brother's, and was with him when he died abroad. They have only just thought of marriage. But that is the commencement of all delusions," he said, smiling, "that of being great friends."

"You don't mean to say that men and women can't be friends?" said Isabel, with a look of surprise.

"No, I don't mean to say that; but I know that I have sometimes remarked myself, and I have very often heard the remark made, that great friendships usually end in love, on one side, or on both. I can understand it," he continued, "such persons begin only with friendship, but every day they grow to know more and more of each other, probably to know each other thoroughly; their tastes and pursuits too, generally are the same, for it is necessary to friendship, though not to love; and suddenly some day, friendship ends, and love begins."

"But not the highest kind of love," said Isabel.

"No, not the highest, but, I believe, the happiest—the course of such true love more often runs smooth; and then the chances of happiness in married life are greater; for there must be such a thorough knowledge, and dependence, and confidence in each other."

Isabel sat thoughtfully. Her fingers were playing with some ornaments on the table, and her eyes were fixed earnestly, and yet vacantly, on the shapes and figures in which she placed them. She was thinking, not of Clarence, but of Herbert. She was asking herself, was not that the kind of love she felt for him.

"You seem to admire that kind of love," she said at last, without raising her eyes.

For the first time it struck him that she might be thinking of herself and of him.

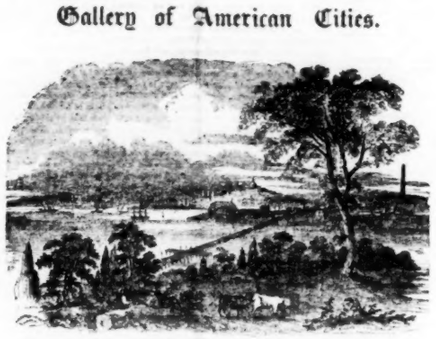
"No, I don't," he said; "I only say it is happy. I like a higher kind of love than that, yet, after all, the higher kind of love I can't but own to be more dangerous also."

"Dangerous!" and Isabel lifted her eyes to his face.

"Yes, dangerous. Is it not dangerous to feel love growing to worship—to idolatry? Is there not a danger, he said, with a smile, but a grave one, of forgetting the first great commandment!"

Still Isabel sat thoughtful. How little had it ever crossed her to fear that she loved Herbert too much!

Gallery of American Cities.



VIEW OF BOSTON FROM CHELSEA.

The above view of Boston is taken from the lib; which is easily distinguished by its great ship house. On the right is the tall obelisk, Bunker Hill Monument. It is laid in a good deal of the occupation of Charlestown. In the centre of the distance is Faneuil Hall, the largest building of which is the State House. On the extreme left are Dorchester Heights, celebrated for having been the point furnished by Washington in March, 1776, the occupation of which compelled the British to evacuate the town and form noted the famous Leaguer of Boston.

"Here is a description of something very like worship, or idolatry," continued Clarence, taking up a book from the table. "I was reading it when you came into the room. Shall I read it to you?" and, with a low melodious voice, and expressive manner, he read the following lines—

Wouldst thou be mine,
I'd love thee with such love, that count not dream
How so, how dal, how deep—whose gracious beam
Should on thy pathway ever shine.
Wouldst thou be mine—I'd be
As fether, mother, friend, to thee;
Then never should, in my new bliss,
Their old, their dear affection, miss;
For I would love thee better still,
Sacrifice them in sorrow, gladness, ill,
Would cherish thee with passing bliss,
As the sun cherishes the flower,
Whose conscious gladdening sunbeams play
Around it through the livelong day.
All this should be, wouldst thou
But be mine own, my only love.
And every charge thy mother could prove
How faithfu my first vow.

Wert thou but mine—oh! could
My voice some time thou persuse ere take,
And in thy breast some answering passion wake,
Then it were well—were good—
All the were light—but now
My life is dark, and then, and then—
Is there no darkness in thy life?
No lonely hours, when pain and grief
Oppress thy tender heart?
Could thou be mine, no sorrow's dart
Should deep's wound, for I'd be there,
And love the darkness, thou should clear.
Or make thy very darkness shine
By love's dear power—were thou but mine!

The lines were only just finished when Mr and Mrs. Denison came into the room. Isabel sat thoughtful still. What new and strange sensations were those which thrilled through her heart as he read? Alas, she knew not!

The cloud upon her brow made Clarence's spirit bound with delight, and he said within himself that the time of his proposition should be short.

CHAPTER XIII.

——Time goes not quite,
And heart sore heart trickles it through the eyes.
The New Timon.

The last ball of the year was over. Isabel stood with Mrs Denison, in the cloak-room, while Clarence went for the carriage. A young man approached them.

"Well, this is a sad night, Miss Denison; it's all over now. How sorry you must be!"

"Yes! I am rather sorry; what I dislike most is to say good by to so many people."

"It must be so much worse for women than for us," continued the young man, compassionately, "we have nothing to do, and nothing to look forward to at any rate; you have nothing till next year.

"I am sorry, said Isabel, smiling, "that you think so poorly of women as to suppose their care for nothing but going out. I assure you I look forward without much dread, to the autumn.

"Are you going to visit, then?"

"No, not that I know of; but really, Mr Erskine, I will not be thought so ill of. You seem to think it is impossible that I can live quietly at home."

"I dare say, then, you read a great deal—and drink the by, did you tell Mrs. Denison about the poetry? My father says they are very well worth seeing. Some pictures for sale in London," he said, turning to Mrs. Denison. "There is one picture so like Miss Denison, you ought to go and see it—Do let us go, at any rate, it will be something to do."

"Yes, do let us go, said Clarence, as he joined them. "Could you drive there at four to-morrow, Emmeline? Very well, I will take you in my cab, if you like, Erskine."

It was a small collection of pictures exhibited for a few days for sale—a good many of the few remaining people in London were there.

Among other pictures by well known artists, there was a Spanish Girl by Murillo, a beautiful sketch, which certainly, in the eyes and smile, strongly resembled Isabel. Several persons observed it and lected round, and commented upon it. To escape from the most unpleasant of all remarks—remarks on one's eyes, and nose, and mouth, which seem to turn every separate feature into a common human being—Isabel retreated to a picture at some distance, which had attracted her attention on her going into the room. It was a small head of the Virgin Mary, by an unknown, perhaps interior artist, but one of the most beautiful ideals of perfect purity that the mind could conceive. She stood for some time before it.

"Is it not beautiful?" she asked, at last, turning to Clarence, who had joined her. "It does one good to look at it!"

She moved away a few steps, then returned again. "I should like to have that always near me. I think if I was restless, or excited, or unhappy, it would always have the power to calm and comfort me." She sighed as she spoke.

"Why do you sigh, Miss Denison?" asked Clarence anxiously. "You are not unhappy, surely?"

"No, no! not unhappy; but these eyes made me feel so. They seem to reproach me for the disquiet he I have been feeling to-day. Still I look at it, and am sorry to leave it. Through it improves, it is a reproof that pleases me."

That evening Isabel dined out. When she went up to bed, on her return home, the first thing she saw, hanging in her room, was the picture which had so much attracted her attention. For an instant, an undefined fear shot through her heart, but only for an instant; the next moment she quietly remarked to herself, "I am sure it must be Lord Clarence—does very very kind of him!"

Again she stood before the picture, and a strange sadness came over her mind as she gazed. There was something in the holy look of the eyes and the brow, which reminded her of Herbert, and, calm and pure as they were, they seemed to call upon her reproachfully. "I can not think what is the matter with me today," said at last, turning from it, and trying to rouse herself from her thoughtful mood. "I could almost believe that I felt a presentiment of evil."

The following afternoon Isabel and Mrs. Denison walked, as was often the case, to Kensington Gardens. As they came out they were joined by Lord Clarence and another young man, who were riding, and who had dismounted on seeing their carriage, and they walked together to the place where the carriage stood. Clarence placed himself by Isabel. She instantly began to thank him, in the most earnest manner, for his kindness in sending her the picture.

"Pray, don't thank me," he said; "you would not think it necessary, if you knew how selfish a pleasure it had been to me."

Something in his voice and manner startled her—what, she could not tell, but her heart beat within her. Her eyes were beginning to open. Strange power of a tone, a mere cadence, to reveal long hidden, unthreamed of secrets!

"There was another picture there, which I bought," he continued, after a moment as if he was carried on to speak—" for myself, Miss Denison. With a quick, involuntary movement Isabel raised her eyes, and they met those of Lord Clarence fixed upon her with an expression that could not easily be misunderstood. Nor did she fail to read it aright. She turned away her head.

"Will you not ask me what my choice could be, or do you know it too well?—he best formed as he spoke.

She was silent her heart beat violently, and a deep blush rose to her cheek, but a smile played round her lips, and Clarence saw it. He loved her; it was the only thing that lived in his thoughts her mind, and it was a thrill of rapture. Clarence loved her—Herbert was forgotten. They reached the carriage and, without a word, she jumped in, and hastily pulled down her veil.

"My dear Isabel, Lord Vernon has spoken to you twice, said Mrs Denison.

She leaned forward, with a murmured apology.

"I only said I was afraid you were very hot," said the unfortunate youth, thus compelled to repeat his civility a third time. He might well say so—her very brow was flushed with emotion.

They drove home in silence. Mrs Denison was the silentest of women—the discreetest or chaperons. She never intruded her advice, never sought a confidence that was not willingly given; never spoke if silence was preferred, but was always willing either to speak, or to listen, or to advise. She did not, perhaps thoroughly understand Isabel her character, but they had never had a moment's discomfort, and this was no light praise, for there were times when Mr. Denison's admiration for his daughter, and apparent preference for her society, gave her many a secret pang.

They drove along in silence. Isabel was in a trance, not one thought, yet, of Herbert. But when they reached the house, and she had flown up to her room, the holy eyes of Clarence's picture fell upon her, with his sad, reproachful gaze.

Joy was passed—sorrow and remorse was begun

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which one hour shows all the pleasures of the sun,
And by and bye a cloud takes all away!

CHAPTER XIV.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And stern, and self-possessed.
Longfellow.

To describe the feelings of that hour were impossible. From the revelation of her own heart in awakening anguish Isabel turned away. She, who had so admired all that was great and noble, she who had so often and so loudly condemned falsehood and inconstancy, who had so remembered, so mourned over her father's sin; she it was who had pre pared this bitter cup for him who loved her so fondly! There was no mistake—all now was as clear as day—she loved Clarence, and Clarence only.

Every thought that could aggravate her guilt now presented itself to her awakened conscience. She thought how it was in absence, when none was there to plead for him, that her faithless memory had forgotten Herbert. She remembered how she had chosen one bright, and rich, and gay, and noble, while he was far away in the humble, but most holy duties. She remembered how she was poisoning even the life which before now a woman's false hand had embittered—and then she thought of his care for her—of his providing for her against this very temptation! Thought upon thought arose, till she seemed to herself a creature dyed with the blackest guilt, and in cold and silent despair she laid her aching head upon the table.

In vain Annie endeavored to arouse her young mistress, when the dressing hour came. Not more by scolding her heart, and remained immovable. At last the appearance of Mrs. Denison, whom Annie alarmed at Isabel's pale cheek, had summoned, recalled to her the necessity of self command, and pleading a violent headache—and her temples throb had indeed almost to bursting—she begged to be allowed to go to bed instead of dining out.

In the quietness of the hours that followed she recalled the whole of the last year of her excited life. Every scene lived again; almost every word spoken by Herbert or Clarence came again to her memory and so shame and anguish she found, that for many, many weeks, Clarence had filled every thought and feeling of her heart.

The hours of that long night passed at length, the early self-examination was concluded, and the morning found her pale, calm, and, and resolved.

Now sent down to breakfast, as usual. If Mr. and Mrs Denison suspected any thing from the agitation of the previous day, they left it to its own course. They were too anxious for an event which they thought must ensure Isabel's perfect happiness to disturb, or as is perhaps often the case, destroy it by any premature remark or inquiry. To her answer of "Much better—almost quite well," Mrs. Denison replied by shaking her head.

"I hope you are better, dear Isabel, for you seemed to be in great pain last night, but those pale cheeks don't look quite well. You must consent to stay at home to-day. I am obliged to go to the Horticultural Gardens about those plants for the Grove, but I will get my cousin to go with me."

Isabel was too happy to acquiesce.

Mrs. Denison went out immediately after luncheon. "I shall leave word that Clarence may come up if he calls," she said, as she left the room, bending over some china as she spoke. "He dined at Colonel Wood's last night, and said he should call early this afternoon, and at the moment I forgot all about the Gardens. Your father said he might dine here, if he was disengaged; will you ask him; I think he is sure to come."

To make quite sure, Isabel repeated the order to the servant. She now only longed to have their meeting over. Her sense of wretchedness, however, prevented the musing from being insupportable. She was cold and calm in her despair; and having given the order, she took some flowers into the inner drawing-room, and proceeded to pass the time, by arranging them in fanciful patterns in a large flower-glass.

She was so occupied, when there came the quick knock at the door, and the light, rapid step on the stairs, which she knew so well, and Clarence was in the room.

He came hastily forward, and took her hand. The blood mounted for an instant to her temples, then died away again, and she resumed her occupation. He came toward the table where she stood, and placed himself at her side.

"Isabel," he said at last.

Again her color rose, and died away, and her fingers moved tremulously among the flowers, but she was silent.

"Isabel," he said again, in an earnest, imploring tone, and attempted, but very gently, to take her hand. It was hastily withdrawn.

"Are you offended with me?" he said, "or do you refuse to understand me and must I in plain terms say, 'I love you, Isabel?'"

Her fingers ceased from their employment; she leaned her two hands on the table, but still she was silent.

"Why so silent, dearest Isabel?" he said, gently, for he thought it was agitation that overpowered her; "one word, one look even, is enough. Only tell me that I—that you will be mine, if indeed I can be so blessed."

Her utterance came at last. "No, Lord Clarence—no, that can not be!" She paused, then went hurriedly on. "I loved another—I was engaged to another, long before you knew me. Forgive me, I am very miserable!" and she clasped her hands together with a look of despair.

There was a dead silence. Clarence moved from her side; and with his arms folded, and his brows knit, leaned against the wall. He had been so secure, even the doubts of his own heart had passed, every lover's mind had scarcely been his, for he had read her love again and again in her speaking eyes; and the prosperous course of his attachment had prevented his feeling, in its fullness, until this moment, how every fiber of his heart was entwined round this idol of his affections. The hours of anxiety and sorrow reveal what joy could never tell.

There was a long silence. Clarence did not speak—did not even look at her. With her clasped, imploring hands, the agitated girl approached him, stood before him, and, in a low, tremulous tone, told him of her engagement—of her free dom.

"Indeed, indeed," she concluded, "I never thought you loved me—never, never till yesterday. We were such friends, I never thought of more till then. Then I saw—then I was guilty—then it was too late, I felt, all but that you loved me, and I was guilty to you—guilty to Herbert!" And she covered her face with her hands.

"I don't understand you," said Clarence, with drawing, almost roughly, her hands from her eyes "Who is it—which of us is it that you love?"

"You, Lord Clarence, you!" she said, the words bursting from her lips, before she was aware of what she did. Then, as the blood which it colored her cheek died away, she continued, in a sad, but calm and firm voice. "But it is past. I must not, can not be your wife."

Again there was a silence, and Isabel returned to her place, and began again nervously to play with the flowers. Suddenly Clarence came toward her and his manner became changed.

"Are you not deceiving yourself as to your duty, Isabel?" he said, and the tone of his sadness was more melodious, more persuasive than ever his voice had been in its joy. "I know I owe to Herbert Grey, but if you love me, is not that a higher duty than his?" She shook her head. "Love is a sacred thing," he continued, yet more earnestly, "and can not be commanded. Herbert Grey himself will not be satisfied with half your heart. Shall we and all then be wretched? Oh, Isabel! why have you thrown me toward you only to send me away again? Why have you shown me your nobleness, and your goodness, and your purity, only to make my life more desolate?

"Nobleness, goodness!"—she repeated, in a voice of so full of shame and sorrow, that the tears started into Clarence's eyes.

"Yes, I said it, and I say so still—the best, the brightest, the purest." Then, as self rose again, he burst forth, "Oh, Isabel! if you love me, you can not make me so wretched! You have said you loved me—will you break my heart?"

"I am resolved," she said, almost sternly, for she feared that her strength was yielding to his misery; then, as her heart rent for her the words, "Oh, Lord Clarence!" she exclaimed, "forgive me!" and she held out her hand to him.

"You do not know what love is," he said, rudely. For an instant he held the hand she gave him, then hastily dropped it and hurried away.

She made no effort to recall him; but, sitting down where he had left her, laid her head upon her hands.

"Isabel!" said a voice, low and soft beside her She started up. "I am come again, Isabel, because I would not part from you thus. I cannot judge what you have done. It may have been harsh; but you must forgive me, for I know not what I do. only Isabel, we are parting, perhaps, forever, and I would not go in anger. Wherever I am—where ever I go—I never, never can forget you, Isabel, dearest Isabel!"

"Go!" she repeated, with ready alarm, catching at his words—"where are you going? what do you mean to do?"

"I cannot tell—I cannot think now. God bless you, Isabel! You shall hear from me, unless—unless I lose your love. Is there no hope?" He fixed his eyes fondly, anxiously, earnestly on her face, those clear blue eyes, so bright in joy so mournful now, as if to read some sign of relenting.

But slowly and resolutely closing her eyes, to shut out that imploring gaze, she shook her head.

He

The World Abroad.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURES ON EUROPE.

BY THE REV. DR. BAIRD.

NO. VIII.

TURKEY.

(CONTINUED.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The lecturer had a few words more to say about Turkey. We had heard much of the existence of slavery in Turkey. When Dr. B. went to Constantinople in 1846, the slave market was still in existence. It has since been abolished. There is no such thing now as bringing women and girls from Circassia and Georgia, and selling them as slaves. This was done away at the instance of the English Government. Dr. B. described the slave-market as being five hundred or six hundred feet square. There were many negroes, but the slaves were mostly whites—and women of great beauty sold at from $1,000 to $3,000 each. Some were bought to be married to Pachas and rich men—and when married, they became free. The mother of the present Sultan was a slave, and all his four wives were bought. If we think that girls were reluctant to be sold under these circumstances, we were mistaken. They had been all brought up to this destiny, and looked forward to becoming the wives of rich men. Many rich men had four wives—but a vast number are not wives, and whether they were purchased privately or not, the lecturer did not know. An effort is making by Redschid Pacha and others, to abolish both slavery and polygamy. The slaves are not all of them slaves for life, and the British Government has labored very zealously to get it abolished. It does not, however, exist as in our Southern States, and it is not so harsh. The Koran does not *enjoin* polygamy—it permits only four wives. Redschid Pacha has only one wife for example, as he thinks that polygamy is the great curse of Turkey. The Turks are extremely indolent, and they have not the right views of domestic life and happiness. The masses are too poor to have more than one wife. The state of society is very unfavorable to elevating women to their proper position. Women go out walking—faces concealed—or ride in wagons and vehicles drawn by oxen. But if we cross to Asia, we shall find it the land of the camel—even at Scutari they are commonly used, and at Smyrna they are numerous. The present prospect is, that the Turks will advance rapidly in civilization.

With reference to Great Britain and Ireland, the lecturer would not give details, as of other countries, as we were in general pretty well acquainted with them. The population of these islands was large for their extent, being 27 or 28 millions. The extent was 110,000 square miles—as large as Italy. These islands are generally high out of the sea, and the coasts are bold, except on the Eastern side, opposite to Holland. The Eastern part of England is level—the middle undulating—and the Western hilly, and even mountainous.

The Scottish coast is very bold—the West being indented with fiords (friths.) The coast of Ireland is very bold. The lowlands of Scotland are hilly—the North mountainous. Ireland has every variety of surface, but it is not so well cultivated as England. The rivers, as they approach the sea, become very broad—arms of the sea, in fact, for into such do their estuaries or friths expand. The Thames, below London, soon becomes one mile—then two—then four or five miles wide, until, at length, you cannot see across its mouth. This peculiarity gives to these islands great advantages in harbors. Were we to visit England, Scotland and the North of Ireland, we should find them very beautiful. England is like a vast garden—chiefly intersected with hawthorn hedge rows, and but few stone walls as fences. Then, again, the noble parks of trees surrounding the mansions of the wealthier classes and nobility, adorn the country extremely. The rural beauty of England is partly owing to the hedges, and also to the perpetual verdure—even in the winter. In England it is never so cold in the winter as it is in Philadelphia. The winters are mild and the summers mild. There is no country in the world with such fine roads—and it used to be a great treat for travellers before railroads became common, to ride on the top of a stage coach, behind four superb horses. This mode of travelling is much more pleasant than by railroads. The hotels are proverbially good. The servants sometimes are rather insolent—sturdy beggars—but if you pay them fees—and it is as well to do so at once—you meet with a vast deal of attention and comfort. The railroads now cover nearly the whole of the great roads, and there are quite a number in Ireland. The rate of travelling is rapid. From London to Edinburg is 450 miles—and it may be travelled in 18 hours. It formerly occupied a month. The railroads are admirable, the depots are superb buildings, and the servants of the railroads are very civil and obliging—the whole, the lecturer must say, far surpassing similar establishments in the United States. And the lecturer threw out this hint, not because it was pleasant to say anything against institutions in our own country, but with a view to amend and reform. The cost of the English railroads is enormous, yet they are profitable.

The productions are not necessary to detail, the grain and fruits being well known. Apples are pretty good—peaches not so good—pears, apricots, and plums are good. Hemp and flax are valuable products. The iron and coal of Britain are inexhaustible—and here lies the secret of her manufactures and power—her manufactures in wool, cotton, silk, iron, lead and tin. The commerce of England is very great—the largest of any nation, ancient or modern. There is an immense coasting trade, and a foreign trade to all parts of the world. Liverpool is the greatest sea-port, besides London, and particularly for the American trade. If a man wants to know what the commerce of a city can be, let him go up the Thames. The ships are so close for four or five miles, that they almost block up the river—and all these without counting the large fleets in the East and West India, London and St. Catharine's docks. The Liverpool docks are, perhaps, the most splendid in the world.—There are six docks, each square, or nearly so—a mile long—each dock being shut up at high tide. The movements in education are very interesting. The laboring classes would not have been well educated, had it not been for the Sunday Schools. There was no school system until lately—there being difficulties on the subject of religion—the Church of England wishing the entire control of the educational system, to which the dissenters object. The school system in Scotland is as old as in Massachusetts. In Scotland a school is provided in each Parish. There are 999 Parishes—and several have more than one school. These are paid for out of the old lands, formerly set apart for tithes, &c. Latin and Greek are taught in these schools by able Professors. Scotland as well as England has produced hosts of eminent men. Ireland has a school system, supported by the Government—and it is going into operation admirably.

The highest education of England is very classic. The Universities of England are very extensive and venerable—at Oxford there being 24 colleges and halls—at Cambridge 20. Each college is independent. One college in Cambridge contains 400 students out of 1,400—one at Oxford, 500 students out of 1,700. The Fellows, graduates and grades of the collegians were described—some of the instructors being married, with large families—while some of the fellows on the foundation, may live in the college as long as they are bachelors, but if they marry, they must leave. Oxford is celebrated for classics, and Cambridge for mathematics. There are two new universities established within the last few years, on liberal foundations—one at Durham, and one in London. There are four Universities in Scotland—at Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrew's and Edinburg. There is one in Ireland—at Dublin. In literature we are far behind, in proportion to our population. Where we produce one writer, England produces two. England has not so many newspapers as we have. Her Quarterly Reviews far excel any that we have—except, perhaps, the North American Quarterly—but this ought not to be so much longer. We have some men here equal to any in England—lawyers, mathematicians, jurists, theologians, &c., but their number is small. The lecturer spoke in high terms of the talent employed in the leading English papers, such as the London Times, Morning Chronicle, Herald and Standard; and in so doing he did not endorse their opinions, but only admired their talent. Dr. Chalmers had said:—"The newspapers of this day, are far superior as specimens of writing, to the literary writing of the days of Addison." When Sir Charles Metcalf, Governor of Canada, died, an article appeared in the Times of a more finished and elegant character than any of the kind the lecturer had ever read. As to the cultivated mind of England, there is a vast amount of it—more than in any other country in Europe.

In religion, that of England is the Protestant Episcopalian, as the Established Church—in Scotland the Presbyterian, Established Church—in Ireland, the Episcopalian, though the South of Ireland is Catholic, and the North chiefly Presbyterian, which latter is partly supported by the Government, through what is called the Regium Donum, chiefly bestowed in the building of several hundred churches. The state of religion is a vast deal better than it was fifty years ago—yet there is still much to deplore, and much to amend. Let us look at the English. They are different in form and stature, as in race, from the Scotch and Irish—stouter than the Scotch. The lecturer stated that he had seen meetings of 3,000 persons in Faneuil Hall, Boston, addressed by Daniel Webster—and as a body they were fine looking men. But go to Exeter Hall, and attend meetings of 4,000 persons—and whether it be owing to beef, beer, or what, the lecturer would not pretend to say—but they were stouter men—probably weighing fifty pounds a man more than the New Englanders. The lecturer has observed in omnibuses in England, nine men, perhaps, taller and stouter than himself, and he was no pigmy. The English have great strength, but not the agility of Brother Jonathan. The Scotch are thinner and more bony, the cheek-bones being high. In Ireland they are a different people, and more like the French. Look at the national characteristics of England—confidence, boldness, pride. There is a division into classes—the lower, middle, and upper—the upper being the higher gentry and the nobility, with the Queen at the top. There are certainly three idols which the English worship—Wealth, Rank, and Fashion. The English are apt to be overbearing, but they must be met with firmness. The lecturer said:—"If I were not an American, I should prefer to be an Englishman,"—the English have done so much for humanity. There was no people the lecturer respected more, and when he heard the descendants of Englishmen speak against the nation of their ancestors, he pitied them—for they seemed as if they were ashamed of their origin—and they have no cause to be, but on the contrary.

The Scotch are more cautious and quicker than the English. The English are slower to learn, but when they do learn, they greatly excel. The Irish have more wit than either—too much wit, perhaps—and the strangeness of their sayings may arise from their thinking partly in another language. The English language is made up of many—the Celtic is that of the original inhabitants. These were conquered by the Romans, who contributed Latin—then the ancient Britons were conquered and driven out by the Saxons, who introduced their own language—then by invasions of the Danes, the Danish, and lastly the conquest by the Normans, produced an infusion of Norman French, and thus the modern Englishman also is made up of many races. The Scotch are more homogeneous, the North Celtic, (Gaelic) and the Irish, except portions of the North and East, remain Celtic to this day. Though the English language prevails almost universally, yet in the Highlands of Scotland they speak Gaelic, in Ireland the Celtic, in the Isle of Man the Manx, and in Wales the Welsh, (ancient British.) Then in various parts of the kingdom there is a great difference in pronunciation. In noticing the different cities, the lecturer said that there is nothing in Liverpool, Birmingham and other large towns that makes them differ much from American cities. Every city in England is built of brick, except one—and that is Bath, a fashionable and exceedingly beautiful city. All in Scotland are of stone. London is situated in a plain or basin. (The lecturer pointed out all the chief objects and localities on a large plan.) The streets are at length being paved in the old Roman way, with cubes of stone, as all cities should be paved. London, in its thickly inhabited part, is about twenty miles in circumference; with its suburbs much more, as displayed on the plan, which is drawn with a ten miles radius from the centre. It now has more than two millions of inhabitants, and by the end of the present century it bids fair to contain five millions. The houses in the suburbs are often pleasing, with gardens in front. The lecturer visited Charlotte Elizabeth at her residence on Blackheath, which is pretty. The facilities of transit from one part of London to another, are great and cheap—by omnibuses and cabriolets—which the Londoners abbreviate by calling them a "bus" or a "cab"—and the lecturer supposed that we should soon follow after, and have our *buses* and *cabs*. A man may live in London as cheaply as in New York. House rent is cheaper than in New York. The Docks, Thames Tunnel, the Tower and Crown Jewels, shown by an old woman—the Railroad Stations, the Bank of England, the vast wealth, &c., were all alluded to. Besides the immense wealth and traffic of the Bank of England, a return was made about eight years ago, showing that 26 other Banks in London transacted business at their clearing-houses to the extraordinary amount of £1,000,000,000 sterling per annum.

Edinburg is a noble city. It was commenced in the 12th century, by Edwin, Prince of Northumberland—hence its name Edin-(Edwin)-burg.—Many of the houses are ten, twelve and fourteen stories high; and Calton Hill, the Castle, Arthur's Seat—and Holyrood House, where the old Kings of Scotland lived—are well worthy a visit. The last King that inhabited Holyrood, was James VI., of Scotland, who also succeeded Elizabeth as James I. of England, and thus brought both nations under one Government. Here lived Mary, Queen of Scots—and the house-keeper had shown marks on the floor to the lecturer, which she said were made by the blood of Rizzio, who was killed by Darnley and others. There is scarcely a city in the world more picturesque in situation than Edinburg. It contains about 200,000 people. The lecturer would rather live in Edinburg than in any other city in Great Britain, because there was so much cultivated mind there.

The Government of England is a Constitutional Monarchy—the Parliament, together with the Ministers, being the real Government. There are many very distinguished speakers in Parliament, but it is difficult of access, without an order from a member—but the lecturer found that half a crown to the door-keeper generally gained admission. The members do not allow a speaker to speak long, if he is not interesting. Daniel O'Connell was the best speaker the lecturer had heard—and he was perhaps, the best man in the world to be an agitator. He did much for the Irish. But after hearing most of the great speakers, the lecturer said—it might be his American prejudice—that he never heard a man in Parliament that could speak equal to Henry Clay in his best days—or Daniel Webster. Many persons in this country think that England has passed her best days, and is likely to decline. The lecturer did not believe it. She could pay her debt in fifty years. The great reforms she is effecting, will develop her resources more than ever. With regard to Ireland, Dr. B. thought, from the tone of the English press and of public meetings, that there was a desire to do what is right—and he hoped that an arrangement would be made for landholders to sell their lands in small lots. As for separating from England by physical force, the lecturer did not believe at all in it. The last movement was put down merely by a small body of the police. The leaders had no military experience, and as for contending with pikes against the regular troops of England, the idea was absurd.

There are a few things that excite our hope, as to the future in Europe, and in which the Old World has made a wonderful progress. These are:

1. Roads, which are excellent as compared with the roads of 50 or 100 years ago.
2. Steamboats. There are from 3,000 to 3,500 in Europe.
3. Railroads and locomotives.
4. The progress of manufactures.
5. The increased comfort of the great masses of the people; and this extends even to the Cossacks, who in former times used to eat their meat raw, or if frozen, put it under their horses' saddles to soften and thaw during a long ride.
6. Education of the masses by national and common schools.
7. The more liberal and practical education of the higher classes.
8. The freedom of the press. The number and action of the newspapers on the popular mind, have now reached to a degree that no man conceived of fifty years ago.
9. Benevolent and charitable Institutions.
10. The improvements made in prisons.
11. The better administration of law and justice. The lecturer thought that if grog were banished from the armies and navies—the knout and cat-o'-nine-tails would soon follow.
12. The institutions for the improvement of morals—especially those of Temperance. A few years ago, and there was not a single Temperance Society in Sweden, and now they are all over the country.
13. The great and liberal changes in Governments. There are only two Governments in Europe now without Constitutions. In 1776, there were only nine Constitutional or free Governments. At present, out of 54 Governments, there are none but Russia and Prussia that have not Constitutions.
14. The progress in the character and virtues of the rulers of Europe—who now adopt popular manners, and are generally moral and sociable. Whether there will be monarchs or not in Europe fifty years hence, there is no prophet to tell—but Republicanism there is not so rapid as many suppose.
15. The progress of true religion. The British and Foreign Bible Society have circulated thirty millions of copies of the Scriptures—and if the way be open, the Scriptures will be circulated to a great extent all over Europe, together with millions of tracts. A great deal has been done for the advance of religion—more than fifty years ago. The prayers of the righteous should be offered up that there may be no general war in Europe; and the lecturer hoped that critical as the danger appeared, it may yet pass away without a general war. He had much confidence in the English and French Governments. England never did herself more honor than now, in her endeavors to preserve the peace—and by the blessing of God, he hoped that the cause of peace would triumph.

A Singular Memento.—A medical student of New York, named Loveland, dug up the body of a young lady he had loved in life, cut off the head and preserved it in a jar of clear white spirits. The lady was said to be beautiful, and the face, so preserved, to look placid, calm and sweet. The head was discovered by a particular friend of Loveland's, who was prying through his office during his absence. The secret was divulged—the head reburied, and the lover arrested, but subsequently released without punishment.

☞ A student of Yale, being confined to his room by sickness, was called upon by a friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," answered John, "sic sum." [I am so.]

☞ Punch says there is a chancery suit in England one hundred and sixty-four years of age.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. H. We regret that we cannot begin with "*The Story of Graziella*"—the extra numbers containing it were exhausted some weeks ago.

R. J. T. sends us a poem, and hopes we will have the kindness to insert it in the Post as soon as we can make it "*soot*." Now, we could easily make it "soot" by consigning it to that blessed destroyer of so much wretched composition, fire; but we suppose this is hardly what the author intended. He gives as a reason why we should publish his verses, that he is "only eighteen." Others are continually giving as a reason that it is their "first attempt." These reasons are equally absurd. We seldom publish anything (never when we can help it) for any other reason than for its intrinsic worth. We care not whether an article be the production of a person of eighteen or of eighty—a first attempt or a five hundredth. If we think it worthy of publication, we publish it—if not, we throw it aside. We hope we shall hear no more of "first attempts," or of the youth of authors. And we may remark here that *any* plea in extenuation of the faults of an article is in bad taste and shows a want of sense. A writer is bound to make his articles as perfect as he possibly can before he sends them to be read by hundreds of thousands of people. When we meet with such pleas, we are tempted to toss aside the contribution sent at once; and in ninety nine cases out of the hundred, we should lose nothing by so doing.

THE ROMANS.

We cannot withhold the tribute of our admiration to the Romans, for the gallantry with which they have so far repulsed the combined forces of France, Naples and Spain, and thus vindicated their ability to maintain the Republic not only against domestic anarchy, but against any reasonable amount of foreign violence. Holding as we do to the right of every people to alter the character of the institutions under which they live, and viewing the union of church and state, and especially the supremacy of the former over the latter, as the fruitful source of religious intolerance and civil oppression, we can but hope that the Roman people will eventually succeed in establishing a purer and more republican form of government. The news of a convention having been entered into between Rome and France, indicates, in our opinion, that the French Ministry, in view of the popular feeling in France, have resolved to insist only upon the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. If the Pope will accept this modification of his power, all will again be peace between him and the Roman people. If not, this will be another ground of difference between France and Austria, and will add its influence towards the kindling of a general war in Europe.

The Romans have acted in the most magnanimous manner towards their French prisoners. After addresses by General Avezzana and Mazzini, in which they displayed the justice of the Roman cause, and expressed their sorrow that France should be found fighting against her own principles, the prisoners were set at liberty without any pledges being exacted of them. The following extract from a letter to the N. Y. Herald, gives the conclusion of this noble scene:

> M. Bonaparte then addressed them. He said he hoped they would no longer fight against the Republic, reminded them of the saying of Napoleon, that Europe would either become Republican or Cossack; and, as a Bonaparte, he asked them if they wished to become Cossack? The French had their swords returned to them, and were conducted into the town to a collation. Some of them expressed themselves with a good deal of feeling, and all were completely crestfallen. Gen. Avezzana shook hands with the most, and they were embraced by many of the Italian officers. In a short time, General Avezzana went with his staff to join them in the Corso, where the French soldiers were collected, and in friendly conversation with crowds of Romans, some of whom were offering them cigars, some giving bread, and others taking them to drink wine.
>
> It was delightful to see with what good will and alacrity the Romans responded to the generous and noble invitation of the Government. The military band played the Marseillaise, and then a Frenchman, who has a good deal of eloquence, and writes for some of the French papers, was requested by the officers to address the people from the balcony of the restaurant; and he thanked them in the most expressive terms, for the noble conduct shown to his fellow countrymen, and he was received with most rapturous applause from the people, and the cries of "Vive la Republic, la Romaine!" from the French soldiers in the street. The late prisoners were then conducted in procession, most of them arm-in-arm with Romans, to the gates of the city; but as they passed by St. Peter's, they went in of their own accord, and, before the grand altar, knelt down and swore never to serve again against the Roman Republic.

We would embrace this occasion to suggest to the national Administration, the propriety of recognizing as early as possible the existence of the Roman Republic. From our position and established policy it is not expected that we should mingle in European quarrels, even for the noble end of aiding the oppressed. But the United States should always hold itself ready to be the first to extend the hand of friendship to successful revolutions, and thus show that the American people sympathise with all free spirits the world over.

HOMŒOPATHY.

We have received a letter from an allopathic physician, of Cincinnati, commenting upon the statement copied into the Post from a Cincinnati paper, relative to the success of the Homœopathic practice in that city. He accuses the Cincinnati papers of "being well paid to insert anything in their columns that these quacks (Homœopathists, Steam Doctors, &c.,) may choose to say." This is a serious charge, and one which we are not disposed to believe without proof. We know that the respectable press of this city could not be bribed to give publicity to falsehoods in relation to so serious and important a subject—and we cannot believe, without proof of the fact, that the editors of Cincinnati are so morally depraved as to be guilty of such infamous practices. The Cincinnati papers, like all others, are of course liable to mistakes—and if there be a mistake in this matter, it would give us great pleasure to open our columns to the proof of it. That proof, we should think, could be derived from the reports to the Board of Health—unless, as our correspondent seems to imply, the statements of the Homœopathic physicians cannot be relied upon.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.

The U. S. ship Lexington has arrived at New York, from California, with 1,218 pounds of grain gold on board—valued at about $250,000. She left 458 pounds at Valparaiso. We trust this is but the commencement of a golden tide that is about to set in upon us at a steady and rapid rate, and thus infuse fresh life and vigor into all industrial pursuits.

One of the Lexington's sailors, who shipped at San Francisco for the voyage, brings with him $5,000 in gold dust, which he accumulated by a few months' digging. Another had thirty-five pounds, nearly $7,000. The N. Y. Herald says that "the accounts brought by the Lexington from the gold diggings are of the most satisfactory and cheering character—in fact, exaggeration is out of the question. Every thing which is and has been said respecting them, is the truth, and nothing but the truth; and, more, the most imaginative cannot exceed the reality. In any part of a tract of country to the extent of five or six hundred miles, the precious metal is found, and is carried about by the fortunate diggers in bags."

VIEW OF BOSTON.

We must apologize for the view of Boston on our first page. From the fineness of the cut, or from some other cause, it fills up so as to look like a very different thing from the picture which was shown to us when we purchased it.

THE NORRISTOWN REGISTER.

The Register has been enlarged and improved, and is now one of the best looking of the country papers.

SPECIFIC FOR CHOLERA.

Dr. J. H. Bird, of Chicago, lays claim to the discovery of a remedy for Cholera, which, it is said, is almost universally successful. It is simply sulphur, used in some cases with powdered charcoal, in the proportion of one part of charcoal to four of sulphur. Dr. Herrick, another physician of Chicago, says:

> The result has been wonderful. All the premonitory symptoms, such as pain, a sense of fullness, unnatural movements, slight diarrhœa, &c., have uniformly yielded at once to a single dose of three to four grains of sulphur.
>
> In cases where other cramps, diarrhœa or vomiting have been present, and in fact where all these symptoms have existed in conjunction, the use of sulphur, the above named doses every three or four hours, has had the effect to ameliorate the patient's condition *at once*, and when used in a *few* hours, to *dissipate entirely choleric symptoms*.
>
> So far as its efficacy has been tested in the worst stages of collapse, most satisfactory results have been obtained. In two or three cases of the kind, the effect of the remedy has been to bring back the pulse to the wrist, restore warmth to the surface, and stop the profuse diarrhœa and vomiting. In truth, the results obtained thus far have been such as to convince all of us, who have administered it, and witnessed its effects, that if any remedy deserves the appellation, this is the specific for Cholera.

The explanation given of the virtue of sulphur in the case of cholera, is this: The severity of various diseases, including cholera, is supposed to depend upon the quantity of a newly discovered substance, called *ozone*, in the atmosphere. Ozone is said to be "the product of the decomposition of water in the atmosphere, through disturbance of its electrical equilibrium—its nature and composition are uncertain." Sulphur is said to have the power of neutralizing this rather mysterious substance, and in this way checks the diseases which it engenders.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial, in reference to this subject, calls attention to a passage in a work of the celebrated Dr. Dewees. Dr. Dewees writes as follows, alluding more particularly to the use of sulphur in the case of epidemic measles:

> "There is a curious circumstance mentioned by Dr. Tourtual, a Dutch physician, which, if proved to be a fact, will be highly interesting in the history and treatment of measles. He states that at a period when measles were epidemic, all the children who were under the treatment of sulphur for itch, escaped the disease; and that those who were taking sulphur for the whooping cough, enjoyed the same immunity. Also he says that many children who were taking a mixture of sulphur and camphor, and to whom those medicaments were applied by frictions, were not attacked by measles, while those who were not subjected to this medicine were affected."

The use of sulphur as a remedy for cholera, is however, no new suggestion. To Dr. Herring, a noted homœopathic physician of this city, appears to belong the credit of the original discovery. In a volume which we have seen entitled "The Cholera and its Homœopathic Treatment," by Dr. Humphreys, the author says: "According to Dr. Herring (of Philadelphia) sulphur should prove a most efficient prophylactic for cholera." Again he says: "Dr. Herring is of the opinion that sulphur is an important remedy, not only as a prophylactic, but in the treatment of the disease itself." We have also been told by the proprietor of a store for the sale of homœopathic medicines in this city, that a number of months since, Dr. Herring recommended him to prepare large quantities of sulphur, in readiness for the cholera. The Inquirer says that Dr. Herring is of the opinion that a pinch of the flour of sulphur worn daily in the stocking feet, will act in a majority of cases, as a sure preventive. We believe, however, that the Homœopathic physicians generally, think that they have more efficient remedies than sulphur.

But while giving due credit to Homœopathy, we would remark that it may be found that sulphur in the large doses recommended by Dr. Bird, is much more efficacious than in the small doses of the Homœopathists. But before much credit is given to any one, the reputed efficacy of the remedy should be further tested.

NEW YORK MILK.

When visiting the city of New York, we have often been sickened by the peculiar flavor of the milk placed before us at public houses. We knew the New York water (not the Croton) was bad tasted, but we could not suppose that the milkmen would descend to the gratuitous meanness of using bad water, when good could be so readily obtained. The following extract from the testimony of a witness in a recent milk case, however, fully explains the matter:

> Q.—Are not these cows liable to disease from being confined so closely and fed on swill?
>
> A.—That, indeed, they are, sir. If you will take the trouble to look into the lots opposite to the stables, you may see from two to six of them staggering about, and ready to drop dead. Sometimes six of them will die in a single day.
>
> Q.—Do they continue to milk them after they are turned out to die?
>
> A.—Yes, sir. I have seen them do it frequently. I have seen them when they were so exhausted as to be unable to stand long enough to be milked, and *one man would hold them up while another would milk them*.
>
> Q.—Do they really sell that milk through the city?
>
> A.—Yes, sir. They carry it round to their customers every day, under the name of Westchester County or Orange County milk. It is a very common thing for country milkmen to bring their cans in the city half-full, and fill up at this establishment.

JENNY LIND.

The "Manchester Courier" contains the following curious paragraph relative to Jenny Lind:

> "We have it, on good authority, that the marriage of Md'lle Lind with Mr. Harris, is finally broken off, on the ground of settlement. A handsome annuity was to have been settled on him, but it transpired that a still larger amount would have been more convenient. This raised doubts as to the disinterestedness of the party, and Mademoiselle departed for Paris. We have seen it stated that Md'lle Lind had recently been married at her villa at Brompton, by special license, and that she had settled £700 per annum upon her husband. Of course such statement is incorrect.

The "London Literary Gazette" says that Jenny is on her way to Stockholm, and adds: "No marriage in England, we may venture to affirm, will take place till she has had the advantage of consulting with her family and friends. What may happen after that, who can tell?"

The sweet nightingale of Sweden seems to have considerable difficulty in getting mated.

OZONE.

A "respectable physician," in the Baltimore Patriot, ridicules the idea that ozone has any agency in the production of influenza and Cholera.—He says that "diligent search was made for it in the air of the most crowded Cholera Hospitals, as well as in the external air of St. Petersburgh, during the late prevalence of the epidemic, without the least success, as may be seen by the report of Dr. Muller to the Hanoverian government. These experiments were made in 1848 just about a year before Dr. Herrick and Dr. Bird drew their celebrated *inference*."

He also expresses great doubt as to the beneficial effects of sulphur. This is a matter easily determined, however, and a few weeks will probably test the merits of this much vaunted remedy.

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera still prevails at New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. At Boston there have been a few cases. On the Western Plains a large number of emigrants have died, and the disease is still among them. In *one* encampment during one night, eight persons died. A number of the companies have been broken up, and a portion of the members are returning. The disease has made its appearance among the Missouri Indians. It is said to prevail to an alarming extent among some of the tribes.

In Baltimore and Philadelphia, at the time of our going to press, there had been no cases for three or four days.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.

We find that there is now really less sickness in Philadelphia, than in the corresponding period of last year. By turning over our files, we see that in the week ending June 10, 1848, there were one hundred and sixty five deaths—last week, the corresponding week of this year, there were only one hundred and thirty deaths.

The two previous weeks, the deaths were about the same as in the corresponding weeks of last year. So it seems the slight visit of the cholera actually improved the health of the city. So much for careful living and cleanliness.

CANADA.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Montreal when it was learned that so little sympathy was felt for the tory party of that province in England. Annexation is now urged by a small party more strongly than ever, and the greatest indignation is manifested by the ultra tories. The fruit is evidently ripening which is ultimately to fall into our lap.

DEATH OF GEN. GAINES.

Major General Gaines, Commander of the South-Western Division of the Army of the United States, died at New Orleans, on the 6th inst., of cholera. Gen. Gaines was the oldest officer in the Army, having entered the service as an Ensign in January, 1799. At the time of his death he ranked next to Gen. Scott, and was in the seventy-third year of his age.

GOLD WASHING.

Michael English, of Lagro, Indiana, called upon us last week with a model of a gold washing machine of his invention. He has contracted for the manufacture of his machines in this city. Notice will be given in our advertising columns, when they are ready for public examination. The model we saw impressed us very favorably.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

In a recent paper the types made us say that twenty thousand pounds sterling was $960,000—the blunder being that an 0 too much was used. Of course it should have been $96,000.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due this week for an *increase* in our subscription list, to friends at Paris Furnace, Angola, and Chemung, New York; Bloomsbury, New Jersey; Covington, and Sinking Valley Mills, Pennsylvania; Hillsboro', and Bath, Illinois; Marion C. H., South Carolina; Dalton, Republic, and Galena, Ohio; Austin, Texas; Canaan, Vermont; North East, Maryland; Campbellsville, Tennessee; and Franklin, Indiana. Also for a *second* increase to friends in Harlingen, New Jersey; Gallatin, Tennessee; and Ohio City, Ohio. Also for a *fifth* increase to friends in Pulaski, Tennessee. Also for entirely *new* lists of subscribers to Mansfield, and Wellsborough, Pennsylvania; Pound, Virginia; Lyme, New Hampshire; and Searcy, Arkansas. Also to old subscribers at a great number of other places, who have remembered that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

J. D. P., of Lexington, Mo., mentions in a letter to us, that the steamboat "Mary," on her late upward trip, lost thirty-six out of forty passengers by the cholera between St. Louis and that place. Business is nearly or quite suspended, he says, in the Missouri Valley.

New Publications.

Lecture on Epidemic Cholera. *Delivered in the Hall of the Philadelphia College of Medicine, in May 1849, at the request of the Medical Class, by Thomas D. Mitchell, M. D. Published by the Class.* This is a very interesting lecture, but we can only afford space to notice the treatment which Dr. Mitchell approves of in cases of Cholera, and to quote some remarks relative to food and clothing during the prevalence of the disease. His remarks on the proper treatment are summed up in the following paragraph:

> "Does any one inquire what are my *specific* views of treatment? I reply, that I have no regard for specific treatment, here or elsewhere.—The *eclectic* practice, which applauds or condemns the lancet, and calomel, and opium, and ice, and sugar of lead, and lunar caustic; and measures the fitness of either by the special circumstances of each case, is the *only proper* practice. If I found neither high vascular excitement, nor actual oppression of the circulating system, I would never bleed, and vice versa. If symptoms clearly indicated derangement of the liver and digestive organs, I would give calomel freely and often, but not otherwise. If spasms of the bowels were the most prominent manifestations, opium and camphor, with external stimulants would be liberally employed. And all other remedies would be regulated by the same rule. Stereotyped routinism, in the management of disease, is abhorrent to nature and common sense."

In relation to food and clothing Dr. Mitchell says:

> "We apprehend that errors have been and will be committed, in respect of *diet* and *drinks*. Some persons eschew this and others that article of food, and often without a valid reason. And, therefore, we lay it down as a general rule, that the usual diet of a family, enjoying uniform good health, should not be materially altered, because of cholera alarms. The simple fact, that a manifest change is made in the daily food, is calculated to awaken fears, and suspicions, and thus to do harm. Articles, known to be indigestible so as to offend the stomach or bowels, must be laid aside. Greens and fruits are apt to disagree with the digestive organs, because too freely indulged in, and great caution is needful. Well boiled rice seasoned with cinnamon or nutmeg, good rice pudding, and boiled milk are seldom hurtful, but very generally the reverse.
>
> "The plainer and more simple the drink, the better. Pure water, in moderation, and made pleasant by the addition of ice, is generally salutary. If impregnated with the bitterness of quassia or chamomile, it will some times be still more beneficial. Soda water, prepared from the Soda powders, and taken two or three times a day, will often be useful. From twenty to thirty drops of the Essence of Jamaica Ginger, added to a wine glassfull of water, and moderately sweetened, will be found exceedingly grateful to the stomach. This may be taken two or three times a day.
>
> "The man of business, fatigued by the duties of the day, will find advantage in a warm bath, twice or thrice a week. To some, the showerbath is more grateful and not less salutary.
>
> "All should avoid excessive *fatigue*, and excesses of every kind. Exposure to bad weather, hot, or wet, or to night damps, will exert an unfavorable influence. And if the slightest manifestation of uneasiness pervade the stomach or bowels, let none forget, that the neglect of rest in a horizontal posture, for one or two hours, may lead to a formidable and perhaps a fatal seizure.
>
> "Care, in respect of clothing, is very important as a means of preventing Choleraic attacks. Those who wear flannel would do well to persist in its use, without intermission, or at least throughout the season of Cholera; and those who are not accustomed to it, will find much advantage in a soft flannel bandage applied moderately tight to the abdomen. The bandage should be four inches wide, and three or four yards long; and, if desirable, it may be soaked in brandy, and should be well squeezed before it is applied. The influence is more than mechanical; and will be found exceedingly useful where there is a tendency even to looseness of the bowels. In addition, we remark, that those who go out after dark, and are exposed to damps and dews, should protect the body by suitable additional covering. In short, everything that caution and prudence can suggest, in regard to the salutary effects of protection from sudden vicissitudes, is augmented in importance, as a means of guarding the system against the visitation of Cholera.
>
> "The following may be regarded as *safe* or *unsafe* articles for family use, *generally*, in the season of Cholera. Those marked *safe*, to be taken in moderate quantity.
>
> SAFE.
>
> "Beef Steak. Beef Tongue. Dried Beef, Mutton. Chickens. Ham, boiled or broiled. Mackerel. Smoked Herrings. Rice. Toasted Bread. Crackers. Good Potatoes, roasted. Mustard. Horseradish. Salt. Pepper. Good Vinegar. Black Tea, and Java Coffee. Iced Water. Iced Lemonade. Iced Claret. Soda Water. Ice Cream."
>
> UNSAFE.
>
> "Fresh Pork. Veal. Fresh Fish. Oysters. Greens generally. Unripe Fruits. Fresh Warm Bread. Sour Bread. Molasses and Water. Common Alcoholic Drinks."

The History of Marie Antoinette of France. *By John S. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers, New York.* This is another of the series of Abbott's Histories, in which the object is to give a concise and yet faithful narrative of the persons and scenes of which they treat. In the present volume, perhaps the young reader is given too favorable an impression of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his queen, as contrasted with their people. An American writer owes it to his country, to treat the cause of republicanism in Europe fairly. When he describes men acting like demons, he owes it not only to his principles, but to truth, to state that long ages of despotism had crushed nearly all nobility of soul out of them. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Godey's Lady's Book. Godey for July is already in the field. The engravings are, "The First Parting," "Returned From His Travels," (a capital thing with which to quiz a friend just returned from abroad,) a Fashion Plate, the Picnic Party, &c. The literary contributions are by Tuckerman, L. J. Cist, Mrs. Ellet, J. A. Nunes, Mrs. Neal, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Annan, T. S. Arthur, Miss Alice Carey, &c., &c. Grace Greenwood is also back in her accustomed place, with a poem, "The Midnight Vigil," which is, if we surmise rightly, a leaf torn from the sorrowful, agonized watchings of long weeks by the sick bed of a dearly beloved parent.

Sabbath Laws in Pennsylvania. We have received a pamphlet, containing an article taken from the "Democratic Review," which comments upon a judicial decision recently given in this State, upon the constitutionality of the law forbidding the transacting of worldly business on Sunday. The writer takes the ground that the law in question is "a flagrant violation of political right."

Littell's Living Age. No. 265 of the Age contains "Croker's Review of Macaulay," "French Intervention in Rome," "Carlyle on Ireland and Sir Robert Peel," &c. For sale by *Taylor, Canning & Co., Sixth Street, above Chesnut, Phila.*

The Will of the late Thomas D. Grover. Procured from the office of the Probate of Wills. With a short sketch of his life. Published by *H. B. Pierson, N. E. corner of Second and Mead Streets, Philadelphia.*

The Cultivator. The Cultivator for June contains its usual variety of articles interesting to agriculturists. Published by *Luther Tucker, Albany, New York.* For sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.*

The Horticulturist. *Edited by A. J. Downing.* The June number of this excellent work has been duly received. For sale by *W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.*

My Boat and Bugle Horn. A Song written by J. H. Watson—the music by "his sister." Published by *Johnston & Co., No. 120 Arch Street, Philadelphia.*

The Medical Examiner. The June number of this periodical contains articles on a number of subjects interesting to the medical faculty.

Genevieve; or, The Chevalier of Maison Rouge. *By Alexander Dumas.* Published by *T. B. Peterson, Phila. Price 50 cents.*

Ticknor's Columbian Spelling Book. For sale by *Daniels & Smith, Philadelphia.*

The Cholera: Its Cause, Prevention and Cure. *By Charles Richardson, M. D. Published by Geo. S. Appleton, Phila.* We think the public will be thoroughly puzzled to choose a remedy for Cholera—so contradictory is the advice and testimony of different physicians. For instance, many persons have strongly censured the use of Calomel; but here comes along Dr. Richardson, who professes to have had a large number of cases under his care in 1832, and says that Calomel is the remedy for the disease. Dr. Richardson says:

> "But this happy effect has not been produced by giving five or ten grains, and after three or four hours working it off, as is usual, with castor oil or rhubarb, *or combining opium with it, to neutralize its effect, under the mistaken idea of stopping a symptom, or effect of disease*. No, the urgency of the case is so great, life is lost if trifled with. In many cases I have given fifty grains every half hour, until evacuations were produced, and have seen it act as a charm in fifty minutes, the cramp, vomiting and most of the prominent symptoms having measurably ceased. My usual practice was to continue the calomel in large doses, until the urgency of the case was partially over, but yet the calomel had still to be continued, in most cases for twenty four hours (sometimes far longer,) diminishing the dose and increasing the interval, as the relief of the disease would allow. Now, to many, this would appear ultra, dangerous and extravagant, but what I now state was learned at the bed-side of the dying and the dead. An honorable duty was put upon me by my native city, to stand between my fellow-man and the most ghastly disease. Under any circumstances, indecision would have been criminal, and most would have died. I found that calomel, and *calomel only*, would relieve the disease. I used it, and that fearlessly, and the effect was, with the aid of two other means, hereafter to be mentioned, that out of many hundred cases that fell under my care, excepting the first case, there were only thirteen deaths. The accounts of deaths are on record, and can testify for themselves."

The Countries of Europe Described. *With anecdotes and numerous illustrations. By the author of "The Peep of Day," &c.* This work is designed to convey to youthful readers an idea of the manners, customs, &c., of the various nations of Europe. The writer says: "Some maintain that by reading solid books, children will become solid. The physician is not on their side; he prescribes milk for babes, and an inspired apostle has sanctioned the prescription." Notwithstanding the author thus calls his work "milk for babes," it contains a great many facts which will be both new and interesting to grown men and women. Published by *Geo. S. Appleton, 164 Chesnut Street, Phila.*

Graham's Magazine. Graham reached us the day after Godey appeared. Its embellishments are "Cross Purposes," (which illustrates the poet's declaration that "the course of true love never did run smooth,") a portrait of General Kearney, "Nature's Triumph," "The Widow of Nain," "Fashion Plate," &c. The contributors to this number are H. W. Herbert, C. H. Butler, H. B. Hirst, Enna Duval, J. R. Chandler, Caroline C——, T. Fitzgerald, J. Bayard Taylor, &c. There is also a biography of Gen. Kearney, by Fayette Robinson; and an article on the Wild Birds of America, by Professor Frost.

A History of Wonderful Inventions. *Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The inventions treated of in these volumes are the Mariner's Compass, Light Houses, Gunpowder and Gun Cotton, Clocks, Printing, the Thermometer, Barometer, Telescope, Microscope, Steam Engine, Cotton Manufacture, Steam Navigation, Railways, Gas Light, and the Electric Telegraph. A very useful and entertaining book for young and old. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

Sartain's Magazine. Sartain, for July, also reached us in time for a notice in this week's paper. Its engravings are "The Nightmare," "The Cantatrice," "The River Jordan," &c., &c. The literary contents are by Frederika Bremer—the Lark of the North, R. S. Willis, C. H. Wiley, H. W. Herbert, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Kirkland, Miss Lynch, "The Author of Mary Barton," Rev. J. P. Durbin, Mrs. Kinney, Richard Grant White, &c., &c.

Characteristics of Literature, Illustrated by the Genius of Distinguished Men. *By Henry T. Tuckerman, author of "Thoughts on the Poets," &c. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* The design of the author in this work is "to indicate the chief phases of the literary character." The authors treated of are Sir Thomas Browe, Shenstone, Channing, Swift, Roscoe, Lamb, Macaulay, Sterling, Burke, Akenside and Keats.

Mesmerism and Psychology. *By George W. Duncan.* The design of this little work is to afford that instruction for twelve and a-half cents, which certain very curious gentlemen are now paying from one to ten dollars for. The author gives in a short space, the different methods of inducing the mesmeric condition—as practised by Messrs. Sunderland, Dodds, and others. For sale at the bookstores generally.

Holden's Dollar Magazine. The June number of this Magazine contains a biography of Charlotte Corday, the continuation of the "Autobiography of a Maniac," (delightful title,) "Doctors Dissected," (another taking name,) &c., &c. The editor's contributions are to us the most interesting portion of this monthly.

Grace Dudley; or, Arnold at Saratoga. *By C. J. Peterson, author of "The Military Heroes of the Revolution," &c.* This is a historical novel of the Revolution. Owing to the great pressure upon our time, we have not yet found an opportunity of perusing it. Published by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

The American Law Journal. The June No. of this periodical, which is edited by an association of gentlemen "learned in the law," contains the usual number of decisions upon mooted points of law. Published by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics. A little work to amuse and instruct children. Published by *Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

Clippings.

☞ The most powerful *gal*-vanic battery we know of, is a row of pretty girls.

☞ Bulwer, in one of his philosophical dissertations, says, "Society has erected the gallows at the end of the lane, instead of guide posts and direction boards at the beginning."

☞ During the month of May there were sixty deaths in the City of Washington. One of them was occasioned by the inhalation of steam from the spout of a tea-pot.

☞ The City of San Francisco is likely to be built in Trenton, New Jersey. Fifteen houses, to form a street in the new city on the Pacific, were shipped recently for their destination. A number more are to be constructed.

☞ It was Wesley who said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."

☞ It has generally been supposed that each oyster was happy in his own shell; but the Fourierites propose that large shells shall be made capable of holding some six hundred oysters, and the small shells be rejected. It's a wonder that nature had not discovered how much might be saved in the making of shells, before Fourier made his discovery.

☞ At Cairo, a woman is an idolized slave; at Milan, or Florence, a cherished article of domestic chattel; in London, a reasoning, perhaps, sometimes even an arguing associate; in America she is an equal confederate!

☞ Father Mathew was positively to sail for this country on the 21st ult. The Boston Post says he has now been for the first time in his life, perhaps, *half seas over*.

☞ The Cincinnati Commercial says: "An awful sight was witnessed in our city lately—a man dying of the cholera, in the streets, while drunk!"

☞ A learned Belgian, M. Manple, has recently discovered a very simple means of distinguishing between real and apparent death. It consists in creating a small burn; if there is life, a blister is always formed, even in the absence of apparent insensibility. If death has already intervened, nothing of the kind occurs.

☞ The organ of Papineau, Laventer, and the newspaper Le Moniteur, are yet strong for annexation. Both are French papers.

☞ Mr. G. W. Hildreth, of Lockport, has completed a model for a telegraph, in which the wires were laid under ground, enclosed in iron pipes. The expense of a single wire will be $200 per mile.

☞ Mrs. Mowatt has received a proposition, to perform in the French language at the Theatre Historique, managed by Alex. Dumas, in Paris. Mrs. Mowatt is a native of France, though born of American parents, and speaks the language of the country as fluently as she does English.

☞ The Brooklyn Daily Freeman, Free Soil, has hoisted the flag of Thos. H. Benton for the Presidency in '52.

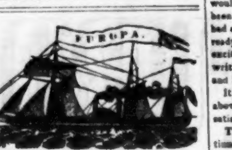
☞ Nearly Unanimous.—Not a single village or town in the Roman Territory has declared for the Pope.

☞ Several cannon balls have been found in the Vatican Gallery, at Rome, and have been placed in the collection of coins, with the inscription "Gift of Pius Ninth."

☞ Nashville (Tenn.) papers say that the Hon. James K. Polk, Ex-President of the United States, was lying dangerously ill with cholera.

☞ The Mississippi, at New Orleans, on the 2nd inst., had not begun to subside. The Delta publishes a map of the inundated district, and gives the number of squares under water at 160; houses flooded 1,600; persons dwelling in them 8,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.



ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.

ONE WEEK LATER.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF VICTORIA—CONVENTION BETWEEN FRANCE AND ROME, &c.

By the arrival of the steamship Europa, we have seven days later news from Europe.

The most important portion of the news, is the glorious intelligence that the Hungarians, under General Bem, have defeated the Russians in the passes of the Carpathian mountains, taken 36 000 men prisoners, and compelled the troops of the Czar to fall back upon Cracow. The Hungarians captured sixty guns, and a large quantity of materials of war.

The Hungarians have also taken Ofen—which surrendered at discretion. In fact, without the news is unreliable, and it really seems too good to be all true, the Hungarians are victorious in all quarters.

The Austrian General, Welden, at the last advices, was concentrating his forces around Presburg, and a great battle between him and the Hungarians was daily expected. If the latter are successful here, it will open to them the road to Vienna, which city the Austrians are fortifying.

Ten thousand Russians are at Stradish, where the inhabitants begin to grow tired of them; for, in spite of the Czar's disinterested protestations, these Russian troops eat to any extent and pay to none. We wish them good appetites, and light purses.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a manifesto in which he insolently says:

> The commotions and rebellions of the West have not ceased. Guilty delusion, enticing the thoughtless crowd with visionary dreams of that prosperity which can never be the fruit of wilfulness and obstinacy, has entered the East and the dominions contiguous to us, subjects of the Turkish Empire, viz.:—Moldavia and Wallachia. Only by the presence of our troops, together with those of Turkey, has order been restored and maintained; but in Hungary and Transylvania the efforts of the Austrian Government, distracted already by another war with foreign and domestic enemies in Italy, have not yet been able to triumph over rebellion. On the contrary, strengthening itself by hordes of our Polish traitors of 1831, and of others, foreigners, outcasts, runaways and vagrants, the rebellion has developed itself there to a most threatening degree.
>
> In the midst of these unfortunate events the Emperor of Austria has addressed himself to us with the wish for our assistance against our common enemies. We shall not refuse him.
>
> Having called to the assistance of this righteous enterprise the Almighty Leader of Battles and Lord of Victories, we have commanded our armies to move forward for the extinction of rebellion, and the destruction of audacious and evil-intentioned men, who endeavor to disturb the peace of our dominions also.

The whole Russian army is on a war footing, and advancing Westward in different directions; it exceeds 325,000 men, with 600 field pieces. May it be driven back ignominiously, is the prayer of every freeman!

A rumor was current at Raab, on the 16th ult., of the Russians having entered Hungary, near Dukla, and of their having suffered defeat from Dembinsky, who engaged them between Bartfeld and Eperies.

ITALY.

Intelligence had reached Paris from Marseilles, that Mr. D'Harcourt, the Minister of the French Republic at the former Court of Rome, had arrived from that city as bearer of a convention concluded between the Roman Republic and that of France. All hostilities had been for some days suspended, and it was believed that the news is substantially correct.

Garribaldi, the Roman General, has marched into the Neapolitan territory, and the consequence has been that the Neapolitans have been forced to abandon Frascati and several other places on the Roman territory, and to fall back in order to provide for the defence of Naples against the advance of Garribaldi.

The Spaniards have fled without firing a shot.

Large bodies of armed men continue to arrive in the city from the Provinces to fight for the Republic.

The Romans have levelled to the ground every tenement that embarrassed or encumbered the free range of musketry round the walls of Rome.—There is the English chapel outside the gate Del Popolo, which alone they have allowed to stand inviolate.

The conduct of the Austrians in Leghorn, after entering the city, is said to have been most atrocious, murdering every one, without form or trial.

The Neapolitan King, at the last accounts, was expected at the French camp, to review the French troops. Prayers are offered up in Naples for success to the army and the restoration of the Pope.

The accounts from Sicily confirm the formation of a Provisional Government and the preparations for resistance. On the 2nd and 3rd ult., the Sicilians fought with desperation, and defeated the Neapolitans. The English have landed 2,000 men to protect their interests.

The Pope, hearing that the French had possession of Civita Vecchia, sent a Governor for that place, but the French sent him back again.

The surrender of the city of Bologna is contradicted; it is now said that the city still held out. It had been bombarded almost to ashes, and the loss of life had been frightful.

GERMANY.

The Regent of Germany, the Archduke John, has been deposed by the Frankfort Assembly.

The recall of the Prussian delegates by the King of Prussia, was received with derision by the Assembly. Fifty-five have refused to comply, on the ground that the King's recal was illegal.

According to the last accounts insurrection was rapidly spreading in Bavaria. Auxiliaries were arriving for Rhenish Bavaria, 40,000 men having come from Rhenish Hesse alone. The workshops of Mayence are deserted.

The whole of the Island of Brandenburg is in open insurrection. The people of Iserlohn have pillaged the arsenal of the landwehr, and carried off the arms. Barricades have been erected in the streets—all the male population is in arms.

The King of Prussia has issued a Manifesto to his subjects, in which, after condemning the standard of revolt which has been raised by the enemies of Germany, he says that he will shortly submit a constitution, sanctioned by the other governments, which shall have unity for its basis, and will guaranty to Germany its liberty, and a free representation of the people. In conclusion, the King says:—"If my people will stand by me as I will stand by my people, faithfully and with confidence, with God's blessing, a glorious blessing will not be wanting to us."

Simultaneously with this proclamation of the King to his people, public notices were published, announcing that the state of siege at Berlin was prolonged with increased vigor, suspending for the time being the ordinary courts, and establishing martial law in all its force.

FRANCE.

The recent elections in France have resulted in favor of the Socialists and Red Republicans, to a far greater extent than was anticipated. They will muster about 219 strong, against twice this number, composed of parties and sections of parties, entertaining opinions the very opposite of each other. This result has been brought about by the shameful and inconsistent conduct of the French Government toward the Roman Republic. That portion of the Army in Paris, cast half its votes (about 6,000) for Ledru Rollin, and other Red Republicans.

In the French Assembly, the affairs of Rome and Hungary being under consideration, a debate arose which is described as the most exciting and violent which has ever been witnessed. Propositions of an immediate declaration of war against Russia and Austria, were urged by several speakers, which were subsequently modified by the adoption of a resolution proposed by General Cavaignac, recommending Government to adopt energetic measures to protect the internal and external interests of the Republic. The resolution, though violently opposed by the Ministry, was carried by a majority of 436 to 184. A new Ministry will doubtless soon be formed.

M. Sarrans said, in the debate alluded to, that with regard to the Russian intervention, every one knew the ambition of the Cabinet at St. Petersburg, as well as the spirit which guides it. This intervention was a blow to European principles, and chiefly to those that at present regulate France. It is sufficient, in order to know the Czar's intentions, to read his last Manifesto, which was a declaration of war against all democratic interests.

If to that document were joined the declaration of the King of Prussia to his army, no doubt could any longer be entertained respecting a combination of aristocracies against democracy. It is impossible that the irruption from Russia of 170,000 men should be solely for the subduing of Hungary. Besides this number, there was a reserve of 180,000, men making a total of 315,000 men, who had been called to arms. Hungary was a mere pretext. A coalition of kings was again being framed, and he now wanted to know what would be the policy of the French Government.

The Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply, said that with regard to Italian affairs, the Assembly had manifested its will, and that on the morning of its having done so, an agent had been sent to Italy, bearing a detailed account of the deliberations, and orders to execute the wishes of the Assembly. He would not return to a discussion which had then been closed. With regard to Hungary, something had already been said; at the Tribune he had already said that what took place in Hungary had excited the solicitude of Government, which had written about it to St. Petersburg, London, Vienna and Berlin.

It is evident, however, from the tone of the above debate, that France will not much longer be satisfied with mere empty protests.

The shipment of troops for Civita Vecchia continued actively at Toulon and Marseilles. General Rostbalta has left Paris for Italy. He is the fifth General officer sent there to join Gen. Oudinot.

Not a Legitimist has been returned from Paris. That party is completely destroyed there, though it is said that there will be about 60 Legitimists from the Departments in the new Chamber.

One thing is now certain—the reactionary tendencies spoken of by the press in England as prevailing throughout France, are no where visible in these elections.

Paris has returned ten Socialists, eight Moderate Republicans of the Cavaignac school, three Imperialists and seven supporters of the Ministry. Of the Ministers themselves, although all were included in the list of candidates, two alone have been successful.

A great number of the most influential members of the present Assembly, including Thiers, are still without seats, having failed in their election.

The Abbe Chatel, chief of the "French Catholic Church," has been committed to prison, charged with planning an insurrection against Government.

Sergeant-Major Boichot has been released from Vincennes.

It is now rumored that M. Dufaure and a moderate influential party are about to examine the various Socialist questions, such as "Rights of Labor," "Associations of Workingmen," "Rights of Capital," "Discount Banks for the People," "Credit," "Paper Money," &c., and all other schemes of the kind, for the sake of arriving at a regular pacific solution, if possible, of the Social problems now agitating the masses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another pistol has been fired at Queen Victoria, while she was out riding, without, however, any injurious consequences. The criminal in the present instance is a stupid fellow, an Irishman, who seems to have had no other object in view than to obtain notoriety. The Londoners manifested great joy at the Queen's escape.

Father Mathew sailed in the Ashburton on the 26th ult.

There is considerable business doing in London in American stocks. United States six per cents, as well as the better class of State securities, are scarce. Pennsylvania is quoted at 79 to 81.

There has been no further discussion of Canadian affairs in Parliament, and it is doubtful if any will take place, as the impression seems generally to prevail, that having a free constitutional Parliament, the Canadians are quite capable of settling their own affairs. There does not appear to be any reason to doubt but that the English Government will sustain every act of Lord Elgin's administration.

In the House of Lords on Monday, Lord Stanley made an elaborate speech in opposition to the bill for the repeal of the navigation laws. The final vote in Committee increased the Ministers majority of ten to thirteen.

The war between the Danes and Prussians continued without any decisive result or prospect of an early issue.

Maria Edgeworth, the celebrated Irish novelist, died at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, on the morning of Monday last, after a few hours' illness. She had reached an advanced age, and the last years of her life were passed in her native village in tranquility and peace.

A French innkeeper has opened an hotel and restaurant in the ruins of Pompeii, close to the barracks formerly inhabited by the Roman soldiers.

The Emperor of Austria has gone to meet the Czar of Russia at Warsaw.

Dates have been received from Calcutta, through to the 5th, and Bombay to the 17th of April, from which we learn that the war of the Punjaub is entirely over, and that the last phantom of Sikh sovereignty has signed away his title, by which act this vast extent of country, some one hundred thousand miles, has become part and parcel of the British empire in India.

The intelligence from Hong Kong is received to April 1st. Great excitement prevails at Canton, as the time approaches for opening the gates to foreigners, and the merchants are afraid of the popular fury which that event seems likely to occasion. They, therefore, from prudential motives, stop the trade in cotton yarns, foreign woollens, and all piece goods, until the act shall have been consummated.

Considerable quantities of gold had arrived from California, and several vessels at Hong Kong were being fitted out, laden with goods for San Francisco.

The Limerick Reporter says that the tide of Irish emigration is frightful. In the House of Commons it was stated that emigration was going on, but that in many cases the persons who were emigrating were the employers of labor—the farmers with capital.

During the year ending May 1st, 1849, sixty persons were sentenced to death in Ireland—of which number not quite one half were executed. During the same period nearly three thousand persons were sentenced to transportation.

The Oxford Herald mentions a report, hitherto uncontradicted, that the late Viscount Melbourne was privately received into the Church of Rome several years previous to his death, and was a Roman Catholic when he was Premier of England.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Examiner, of May 18th, says there was a large meeting of Tories the day previous, to take into consideration the course which it will be most advisable to adopt in reference to the state of Canada.

An official return of the unoccupied houses in Liverpool, of a rental of £30 ($145) and upwards, gives the extraordinary number of five thousand nine hundred.

Cotton Market.—On the 26th there was a slight depression in the market, particularly in lower and middling qualities, in which a reduction of ⅛ has been submitted to. In most of the business during the last few days for first qualities the former quotations of 4⅞ for Uplands and Mobile, and 4½ for New Orleans, are continued, the good qualities being less plentiful.

Varieties.

Keeping Lemons Fresh.—I have been a housekeeper for some years, and never, till lately, have I been able to keep lemons fresh and juicy for any length of time. But, with all my care—now in this closet, now in that; now wrapped in paper, now in bran; now in a cool place, now in a dry one—they would dry up and become hard as wood. Of late, however, I have preserved them perfectly fresh, three months in summer, by placing them in a closely covered jar or pot, kept in the ice-house. Each lemon is wrapped in a paper, (perhaps they would do as well without,) but opened and wiped once in ten or twelve days, then covered again with dry paper, and put back into the jar or earthen vessel on the ice.—*American Agriculturist.*

Mickey's Last.—"How d'ye do, docther?" said Mickey, as he met Dr. Feuchtwanger, yesterday, muffled to the eye. "Ver bad, Mickey, ver bad!" replied the professor of medicine, "I hash got von bad coult in my head." "Got a what, docther, dear?" "Von bad coult, I tells you, in my head." "A *colt* in his head," ejaculated Mickey, "Mother o' Moses! I've heared of a filly wid a *mare's nest*, but the d—l swape me, av iver I seen one hatched out afore."

Milk as an Article of Diet.—It is common to regard milk as little else than mere drink. But this is an error. Milk is really an article of solid food, being coagulated soon after reaching the stomach. New milk contains thirteen per cent. of digestible solids, and skim milk ten per cent.; that is, the former fully one-half and the latter above a third of the nutriment contained in the lean part of beef and mutton.—*Foreign Journal.*

Egyptian Bondage.—In ancient Egypt a custom prevailed, which certainly appears to us a rather singular one, that the husband, on his marriage, vowed honor and obedience to his wife, instead of, as with us, the wife to the husband. It was in reference to this custom, by the way, that the remark was made by a wit, that he had often heard of Egyptian bondage, but never knew what it was before.

☞ English writers say that the republicans of this country have such an aversion to the word *master*, that they say *boss* instead of it. Out West we learn that a "Master in Chancery" is called a "Boss in Chancery."

☞ Modesty.—Horace Mann says, "I once heard this sentiment expressed in the pulpit, from the lips of an eminent divine: 'I am right, and I know I am right, and I know I know it.'"

☞ A correspondent asks us if "we wear a moustache." Not that we are aware of. And yet, when low spirited, we always feel "a little *down* about the mouth."

☞ Some of the English journals, in speaking of a certain amount of money, are making use of the following expression, viz: "*A handful of California.*"

☞ It is said of Burke that he always read a book as if he were never to see it again.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 9, 1849.

REMARKS—The market has been languid and inactive since our last weekly notice, and we have very little change to note in prices. Since the receipt of the Europa's advices there has been a better feeling in the market for Breadstuffs, and for Flour and Corn, holders have been able to realize rather better prices. The Cotton market is firm; but the sales have been limited in consequence of the stringent rates demanded. Money continues plenty for all commercial purposes, and the out of door rates range for first class paper at 6a7 per cent. The amount, however, offering is quite small, as the Banks are discounting all the good paper presented. Sterling Bills range from 108¾ to 109¼, which is a slight improvement upon the closing rates of last week, but the amount of business doing is quite small. The Stock market has been quite buoyant, and all descriptions of sound securities have advanced.

Among the exports from Philadelphia to Foreign Ports from June 1st to 8th, we notice the following articles:

Flour, bbls.	5,100	Beef, bbls.	98
Rye Flour,	[illegible]	Pork, bbls.	251
Corn Meal,	3,204	Bacon, lbs.	[illegible]
Bread,	104	Lard,	70,927
Wheat, bush.	201	Butter, lbs.	21,644
Corn, bush.	27,0[illegible]	Tallow, lbs.	[illegible]
Oats, bush.	100	Paints, kegs.	311
Beans and Peas,	1,213	Tons, pkgs.	274
Rice, tierces,	80	Domestics, pkgs.	118

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a fair export demand for Flour, with sales of 9,000 bbls at $4,50, including better brands at $4,56¼a4 62½, and 500 bbls extra at $4,75 per bbl. For city consumption fair sales at $4,50a4,62½ for common and bakers Flour, and extra $4,75a5,12½. To-day $4,50 is refused for Flour, owing to the small quantity on sale. Rye Flour has met a better demand—sales of 1,500 bbls at $2,75a2,87½, and extra at $3. Corn Meal—Prices are steady—sales of 3 to 3,500 bbls at $4,75, and Brandywine at $[illegible],87½ per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending June 7, was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	11,742
Rye Flour	bbls	4,140
Corn Meal		1,789

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for Wheat, but prices are a trifle lower than at the close of our last report. Sales of 20,000 bushels fair and prime red at $1,00a1,05, but principally at $1,03, and white at $1,08a1,11. Rye—50 Pennsylvania sold at 57c per bushel. Corn has been in brisk demand, and the week's sales amount to full 60,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 60a61c, closing at 61a 60½c, afloat. Oats are dull. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern at 29a30c, and Pennsylvania in lots at 33a34c per bushel.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market continues very quiet, and we have no change to notice in prices. Some of the Western merchants are coming in but very few purchases are making.

BARK—There is a good demand for Quercitron Bark, with light receipts, prices are fully maintained. Sales of 90 hhds No. 1 at $28, and No. 2 at $25, per ton. Sales of Spanish Oak at $11a16, and Chesnut Oak at $13 per cord.

BEESWAX—Continues in limited demand. Small sales of good Yellow at 21c per lb.

CANDLES—The sales are mostly confined to small lots of Sperm at 31a34, and Tallow Candles at 10a11c per lb for Dipt and Mould.

COAL—There is a moderate demand for Anthracite, and the dealers have put up prices to $3,87½ for Red, and $4,25 for White, Ash Coal, in consequence of the advanced rates of tolls which are charged, and the increased wages which they are compelled to pay the miners. Several cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 14a15 cts per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been rather more activity in the market, and prices are firm; a cargo of 3,200 bags Maracaibo sold at about 7c per lb on time, and 4a 500 bags Laguayra on terms kept secret.

COPPER—The demand for Sheathing Copper is limited at 21c per lb. We quote Yellow Metal at 18c.

COTTON—There has been a moderate demand for Cotton, but the high rates demanded has somewhat restricted operations. Sales of 800 bales Upland and N Orleans at 7½ to 9¾c per lb, for ordinary to fair quality.

FRUIT—The balance of the last import of Sicily Oranges, comprising about 1,800 boxes, sold at $2a3; 4a500 boxes Lemons, in lots, at $2a2,12½; the market is nearly bare of Raisins; sales in small lots at $1,83 a1,85 per box; a lot of St. Parts' Pine Apples sold at $4a5 per 100. In Dried Apples and Peaches we have no large sales to notice.

FISH—Receipts light and prices firm. Moderate sales from store, No. 1 Massachusetts Mackerel at $12, No. 2 at $8,50 and No. 3 at $4,25 per bbl. An import of Halifax No. 2 and 3 sold at 4,75a7,75. Some new No. 3's have arrived and are sold at $5a5,25. Halifax No. 1 from store sold at $11a11,50, and No. 2 at $5a5,25 per bbl. A sale of Eastport Herring at $2,37½ per bbl.

FEATHERS—The market is dull, and the sales are confined to a few small lots at 31a33c per lb for fair and prime quality.

GINSENG—There has been rather more inquiry.—Sales of 6a7,000 lbs, part 65 and 30 cts Clarified and Crude, and part on private terms.

GUANO—The sales are confined to small parcels from store at $47a48 for Peruvian, and $37a38 per ton for Patagonian.

HEMP—There is very little inquiry, and we have no transactions to notice.

HIDES—The market is quiet and no large sales from first hands have been reported.

IRON—The market continues exceedingly dull, and prices have slightly declined. Sales of 1,000 tons No. 1 Anthracite at $23, No. 2 at $21a22, and No. 3 at $20, and some No. 1 Forge at $25 per ton. A sale of 100 tons Scotch Pig at $21 per ton, on time.

HOPS are dull; and the sales are only in small lots at 8c per lb for 1st sort.

LEAD—Market firm; sales of 1,500 pigs Soft Lead part from the wharf and part previous to arrival, at 5 cts per lb cash. In Bar Lead no change.

LEATHER—The sales are only to a moderate extent, without change in prices.

LUMBER—The supplies continue heavy, and meet with a moderate demand; Yellow Pine Boards range from $11 to 16, and White Pine from $10 to 14. A cargo of Spruce Boards sold at $12 per M feet. Sales of Laths in lots, at $1,08a1,10 per M.

MOLASSES—The market has been exceedingly dull and inactive, and the only sales reported are a cargo of 135 hhds Matanzas on private terms, and 75 bbls New Orleans, of only fair quality, at 28c on time.

NAVAL STORES—The market is quiet—500 bbls common Rosin sold at about 95c per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no transactions have transpired. Sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 33a34c, including the pkgs.

OILS—There has been very little doing, but prices are unchanged; sales of Crude Whale at 40c on time. Limited sales of Sperm at previous rates. Lard Oil is dull, and prices are a shade lower; sales in lots at 58a60, but principally at 58a59c. Linseed Oil is in limited demand and the sales are only in small lots at 63a64c in casks and bbls.

PLASTER—A cargo of Soft sold at $1,25 per ton.

RICE—The demand continues limited, but prices are steady. Sales of 90 tierces, in small lots at 3⅛a3¼ cts per lb, cash and on time.

SPIRITS—The demand for Brandy continues limited. Sales of Bordeaux at $1,05a1,12½, Rochelle $1,25 a1,30, and old Cogniac at $1,50a2,75. Small sales of Gin, at previous rates. N. E. Rum is dull. Small sales in bbls, at 27c. Whiskey is in limited demand at 21c in hhds, and 21½ in bbls—in some instances a trifle lower has been accepted.

SUGARS—There has been rather more doing this week, but prices have undergone no improvement.—Sales of near 400 hhds Cuba at about 4¼c; 153 New Orleans at 4¼a4½c, and some white Brazil at 6¾c per lb, all on time.

SEEDS—Prime Cloverseed is scarce and wanted. Small sales at $3,37½a3,62½ per 64 lbs. In Timothy nothing doing. Flaxseed is in good demand, and taken on arrival at $1,25 measure and $1,30 weight.

TALLOW—Continues exceedingly dull; we quote City Rendered at 8a8½, and Country at 7½a7¾c per lb.

TOBACCO—There is a fair demand for Leaf Tobacco for the supply of the trade, and prices are firm. Sales of 100 hhds Kentucky at 4a10c, and some Cuba Leaf at 12c per lb.

WINES—The market continues exceedingly quiet, and the sales are only in retail lots at quoted rates.

WOOL—We have no material change to notice in the market. Supplies of the new clip continue to come in slowly, and the manufacturers purchase only for the supply of their immediate wants. Sales of 3 a 4,000 lbs in small lots, ranging from 22 to 31c for common and ¾ blood.

FREIGHTS—There has been rather more activity in Foreign—engagements for Flour and Meal have been made at 2s a 2s 3d per bbl, and in some instances at 1s 9d. Corn 7a8d per bushel; Provisions 25s a 27s 6d per ton; Cotton ¼d per lb; Bark 30s per ton.—To Southern ports the rates are nominal. Colliers are in fair demand at $1,62½ to Boston, $1,25 to Rhode Island, and $1 per ton to New York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid	Asked		Bid	Asked
U S 6s '56	104¼	105¼	Mechanics'	28¼	47
" '62	110	111¼	Southwark	70	80
" '67	113½	114	Kensington	58	60
" '68	114¼	115	P Township	27	28½
" 5s '53	100	100¼	Girard	12¼	12½
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	[illegible]
" 5s '51	98	101	Man & Mechs	24¼	[illegible]
War Riv scr	100	—	Bk of Com	51	[illegible]
U S Tr N 6s	113½	114	Camden N J	51	—
" 1 mill	113	—	Germantown	49	50
Philada 6s	101	105	Trenton Bkg Co	32	—
" 5s	96	—	Pittsburg Bank	50	—
" " Gas	—	—	M & M, Pitts	49	—
County 5s	95	96	Exchange, Pitts	45	47
Penna 6s	99¼	100	Com, Cincin	15	—
" 5s	89¼	89½	Louisville, Ky	97	98
Kentucky 6s	107	—	Kentucky Bk	16¼	[illegible]
Tennessee 6s	92¼	—	Northern	116	—
Illinois 6s	44	—	Union, Tenn	48¼	50
Cincinnati 6s	94	95	Planters, Tenn	41	45
Texas T Notes	8	10	Vicksburg	13	14
" bds 8s	—	—	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	53¼	53½	N O Gas Bk	112	119
" Int	53	—	Schuylkill Nav	18	20
Lehigh N 6s	68	70	Lehigh Nav	57	57¼
" Int loan	55	57	C & Del Cl	72	75
" Mort 6s	88	89	Morris Cl	9	9¼
C & Del Cl 6s	86¼	87	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	[illegible]
C & Am R bds	96	98	Union Cl	11	11¼
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	140	14[illegible]
Susqueh Cl 6s	57¼	58	Penna R	30	—
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Bea Mdw R	20¼	21
Harrisburg R 6s	89¼	90	Lykens Val R	25	[illegible]
Wil R 6s	89¼	90	North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
Read R 6s	60	60¼	Susqueh Cl	12¼	13¼
" Mort 6s	65¼	67¼	Norristown R	14¼	14¾
U S Bk Notes	89	90	Harrisburg R	46¼	50
U S Bk Shares	2¼	2½	Wilmington R	26¼	27
N Amer Bk	129	130	Reading R	15¼	15½
Penna Bk	117½	131*	Minehill R	65	67
Philadelphia	129	130	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	60¼	61	Flem Copper	4¼	5¼
Commercial	56	57	N J Copper	—	—
N Liberty	45	—			

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

☞ Fifteen hundred uncalled for letters remain in the Post Office at Independence, the persons to whom they were addressed being on their way to California.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1849.

WASHING CLOTHES.

One of our contemporaries calls the following "the greatest receipt for washing clothes ever yet published;" and says that "by this process one hand can do as much as three hands in the old method, and do it much better:"

Recipe.—Take good home-made soft soap, 4 lbs; borax refined 4 oz; common salt 3 oz; water 7 pints. Boil slowly to cake soap; separate the top from the sediment for the cake soap. The bottom or sediment will do for washing dishes and such like.

Process.—1. Wet the clothes thoroughly. 2. Rub the dirty and greasy spots with some of the soap. 3. Boil the clothes in strong soap-suds of the above soap. 4. Rinse the clothes three times well in clean water.

BLOOD'S DISPATCH.

The proprietors of this concern have added to the facilities already furnished by them, a "stamped envelope," which may be purchased at their office in any quantity, large or small.

THE MORMONS.—We have advices from the Salt Lake to the 15th of April. New and extraordinary discoveries of gold had been made in the mountains near Salt Lake. There seems to be no limit to the deposits of the precious metal in our far west territory.

The Mormon people in the Great Basin are very anxious for the establishment of a territorial government, and intend to send a Mr. Burnhyson as a delegate to Washington, in order that their necessities and wishes may be pressed upon the attention of Congress. The settlement is represented to be very prosperous. A Mormon named Lyman Wright has been repudiated by his church for heresy.

EXPLOITING A NEWSPAPER.—The proprietors of the New York Tribune, according to the Mirror, have exploited their property, by making it up into 100 shares of $1,000 each, which have been sold to the employees whose talents and character have helped to make it what it is. The original proprietors, Messrs. Greeley & McElrath, we understand, hold but a fifth each of the property, but still retain their positions as manager and editor. The other partners in the Tribune are, as we understand, Major Snow, the money article editor; Bayard Taylor, the poet; Dana, the political philosopher and critic, and some of the reporters, pressmen, &c.

PHENOMENON AT SEA.—The ship Portsmouth, just arrived at Warren, from a whaling cruise, reports that on the 18th of March, latitude 57° South, longitude 74° West, she experienced a severe gale. While scudding before it, a dense cloud gathered in the West, out of which issued a violent hurricane and *many balls of fire*. One of these struck the cutting pendants at the mainmast head and *fell in fragments on the deck*, setting fire to the mast-head and rigging, and doing other damage. The Portsmouth has $20,000 in California gold dust on board.

FATHER MATHEW.—Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, was detained in Ireland by a notice from the Company which had insured his life, stating that he would be obliged to pay a fine of £300 for the increased risk, should he cross the ocean. Mr. W. Rathbone, a philanthropic gentleman of Liverpool, on hearing of the circumstance, sent him a present of £500, with which to defray the debt. A great multitude assembled at Cork, to witness his departure, but he avoided a public leave taking.

COST OF THE RIOT.—The bills for injury done to the Astor Place Opera House, New York, and the cost of the refreshments for the police, amount to $6,000. Superadded to this, will be the extra compensation of the deputy sheriffs, sworn in for special service.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 130—adults 56, and children 74.

Miscellaneous.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOTHER'S IMAGINATION.

We find in the last number of the Scalpel, a monthly medical work, published in New York, by Dr. Dixon, the following interesting article upon the influence of the mother's imagination on the unborn child:

"Mr. A., of the Northern part of this State, married, some forty years since, a lady of an adjoining State. Pecuniary circumstances, at the time of the marriage, rendered offspring undesirable. Within a year, however, it became evident to the wife that their wishes were no longer to be realized; on expressing this belief to her husband, she was, at the moment, quite shocked at the dissatisfaction with which he received it. Taking his hat shortly afterward, he left the house, and was absent for near an hour. He was distressed on his return, to find his wife in tears. He assured her immediately, (for they were devotedly attached) that he was rejoiced to learn the probable realization of her announcement; that he was now satisfied with the condition of his pecuniary affairs, and convinced of their stability.

"The wife dried her tears, but soon expressed her conviction that, in some way, her expected offspring would suffer from her agitation. The husband endeavored to remove her apprehensions, by gentle and affectionate ridicule. But her fears continued at intervals during her early months, and gradually increased as gestation advanced. The relief of the parties was great at the birth of a healthy and well-formed boy. No peculiarity of conduct in the child was observed, till several months had elapsed, and then their fears were renewed, by its extreme unwillingness to approach the father. This gradually increased, until its dissatisfaction was manifested by loud and continued screaming when brought near him. As age advanced, the most persevering efforts were made to overcome this repugnance; the utmost degree of persuasiveness and ingenuity, diversity of childish gifts and sports, all were tried in vain, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The feelings of the father may be judged by parents, for he was, and is, an exceedingly affectionate man.

"This continued, and at the time of our receiving the information from a near personal relative, the son, then an active and rising member of the bar, had never been able to speak a word to his father, though the most painful efforts were made.

"We give this case as we heard it from a lady and her husband, whom to know is to revere. It was told to us by the lady, just arising from what we all supposed would be her death-bed, and an effort was made at the time to introduce us to the parties. We now regret that our fears induced us to decline the proffered introduction. We did not feel willing, at the time, to make any personal inquiries in a matter that had been productive of so much distress, and that time had somewhat alleviated."

WHAT DOES MAN LIVE UPON?

This important question is discussed and answered by the distinguished botanist, Schleiden, in his recent work entitled "The Plant, a Biography," translated by Henfrey. A very summary answer to the question is given in one instance by the following quotation from *Faust*, which heads one of the chapters:

"It all shall be eat, and gladly,
As does my cousin, the renowned serpent."

This poetic formula in dietetics, restricted simply to one substance, is, after all, but a very small remove from the true record of nature. Most people, probably, would be astonished to be told that the almost infinite variety of articles of food used by man are the compounds of *only four simple substances*. Backwood's Edinburgh and London "Journal of Agriculture," noticing this work, says, "the author quotes largely from Leibig, who certainly was the first to point out that bodies of precisely similar chemical composition existed both in the animal and vegetable world, and which are most probably transferred from the one to the other unaltered. The whole of the substances used by man for food may be divided into two groups. First, those containing nitrogen; second, those without nitrogen. The first are called the *materials for nutrition*; the second Liebig has very properly named *materials for respiration*. These are found combined in the cereals and in milk. The first exist in the largest degree in animal flesh, and the latter in gum, sugar, starch, spirits, wine, beer, and, lastly, the various kinds of fat.

But perhaps the most singular facts connected with the question "What does man live upon?" are those bearing upon tea and coffee, which are now among the necessaries of civilized life, as the Paraguay tea is to the South American. In all these substances chemistry has discovered *precisely the same substance*. And, finally, chemistry has brought to light the fact that *all those substances used by man as food* are compounds of the *four* simple substances—*oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen.—National Intelligencer.*

☞ A lady lately asked her intended whether when they were married the church bells would be rung. The gentleman replied, to her dismay, that he intended to ring a *belle* himself inside the Church.

☞ One is too much inclined to look upon every action of a great man as the result of deeply considered principles.

ANECDOTE OF WHITTIER.

FROM THE FAMILY VISITOR.

Whittier gave early indications of poetic powers. Several of his juvenile poems having found their way into the newspapers and magazines of the day, attracted the attention of some literary gentlemen, who appreciated the merit of the productions, and resolved to make their author a visit, to offer their assistance in introducing the "Quaker poet" to literary notoriety. Accordingly they took a conveyance that soon set them down in the picturesque town of Weare, (New Hampshire,) the residence of the young poet. With some difficulty they found the dwelling of Whittier, and were ushered into the best room of the house by the mother, to whom they made known their desire to see her son.

All this time young Whittier was working away at the certainly very unpoetical business of cleaning out the hog-sty. He plied his shovel with right good will, totally unconscious of the honor that awaited him. Judge of his astonishment when Lizzy, his sister, came running from the house and informed him "that it was full of very great people who were waiting to see him."

"What shall I do?" cried the poet, in agony. "Run, Lizzy, and get my boots, while I wash me in the brook."

The boots were brought, but the bare, wet feet of Whittier refused to enter. At length, after a deal of tugging, one was drawn on, but oh, horrors! the other would not go on, neither would the first come off.

"A pretty looking spectacle I shall present for their inspection," murmured Whittier, as with one boot in his hand and the other on his foot, he entered the house. But in a short time, the flattering words of his visitors made him quite forget the awkwardness of his attire.

BURIED ALIVE.—A gentleman was lately inquiring for a young lady of his acquaintance.

"She is dead," very gravely replied the person to whom he addressed his inquiries.

"Good God!—I never heard of it—what was her disease?"

"Vanity," returned the other; "she buried herself alive, in the arms of an old fellow of seventy, with a fortune, in order to have the satisfaction of a gilded tomb."

☞ The Louisville Journal cautions its readers against the use of *fresh fish*, which it says are more poisonous than arsenic, where the cholera prevails.

Our Correspondents

A CORRECTION.

CAMPTOWN, N. J., June 7th, 1849.

MESSRS EDITORS:—My attention has been called to the following item of intelligence contained in your paper of the 2nd inst.

"A NEW SECT.—A Religious Society was recently organized in the City of New York, on which occasion a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Austin Craig. He entered into an exposition of the peculiar views of this society: the distinguishing feature of which is the denial of Sectarianism, and the admission to its communion of all persons of good character who are ready to call themselves Christians."

Permit me, Messrs. Editors, to offer a correction of the above statement. The Religious Society here referred to, does not present itself as the nucleus of "*a new sect*." Nor is the step which it has taken, a "*new*" movement in the religious world. There are already in the United States and in England, some hundreds of thousands who *profess* to be occupying the same ground that the society has assumed. This society, however, professes no *sectarian* affinities. It is not associated upon a basis of *speculative doctrines*, but upon *principles of Christian action* only. A hasty view of these principles will suffice to show that this society contemplates no sectarian purposes and ends.

First. The society believes that God has but *one church*; to which belong all who have submitted to Him, and are striving to do His will. It therefore recognises as Christians, and fellowships as brethren, all persons whose conduct and spirit conform to the requirements of the Gospel. We do not recognise any one of the various *sects* of Christendom, as *the Church* of Christ; because no one of these sects contains all the Good.

Secondly. We believe that there is but *one* true faith. Each religious sect has a code of doctrines and principles peculiar to itself; But the *peculiar* creed or faith of either of these sects, cannot be that "*one faith*" of Christ's Church, because, while *all Christians* believe the latter faith, only *a part* of them believe the former.

We acknowledge *the Bible* as the sole authority in all matters of Christian faith and life. We have no "*Articles of Faith*" drawn up by an Ecclesiastical Council, as a test of the orthodoxy of our brethren, or, as a basis of sectarian fellowship and communion. We receive the Bible *alone* as the rule of our faith and practice. And in this we are distinguished from nearly all religious denominations in the world. We are aware of the claim that "the Bible alone, *is the religion of Protestants*." But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that almost all Protestant sects have some authoritative creed besides the Bible,—containing doctrines which all Christians do not believe,—to which they demand assent and subscription, as the term of admission to their church fellowship and communion.

It is well known that something more is required as a ground of admission into Protestant Churches, than is requisite in order to constitute a man a Christian. In order to enter *these*, one must subscribe to something of a denominational and sectarian character. For illustration: A man of acknowledged probity and sincerity who applies for admission into some of the prominent Protestant sects, and simply says:—"*I believe the Bible*," cannot be admitted. He is told that such a profession of faith is indefinite and unsatisfactory. But when he says—"*I believe the Creed of this Church*," the Church does not hesitate to pronounce his profession sufficiently definite; nor does it scruple to admit him to its fellowship and communion. The occurrence of such things have painfully constrained us to regard our Protestant brethren as having abandoned a principle fundamental in Christianity, as well as in Protestantism.

We believe that Christ only has the right to make articles of faith, and to enact rules of government for the Church. We, therefore, regard His inspired Word—the Bible—as the only authoritative source of religious knowledge. We believe it to be the duty of *every* man to study the revealed will of God; to form careful conclusions respecting its meaning; and to mould his opinions and govern his conduct according as he may understand it to require. We demand of no man to tell us his opinions; we only demand that his life conform to the commandments of God. If it do this, we acknowledge and fellowship him as a Christian brother. Hence in our religious vocabulary, *Heresy* signifies the *alienation of the heart from goodness*. We do not regard as a heretic, the man who merely differs from us in his views of speculative and theoretical points in Theology.

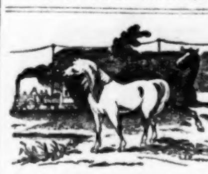
Thirdly. As we maintain *no sectarian principles*, so we wish to be distinguished by *no sectarian name*. We profess to be simply *Christians*. We do not claim to be better than other believers, nor do we wish to be misunderstood as denying that all other believers are, equally with ourselves, Christians. We have no invidious design in calling ourselves Christians. We choose this name because it implies nothing sectarian. We employ it because no other name used in the religious world can adequately describe us. We might, indeed, be called "*Friends*;" for we *are* friends: But this is *not all* we are. So we might be called "*Disciples*," for we are disciples of Jesus. And we might be called "*Baptists*;" for we practice baptism. And we might be called "*Congregationalists*;" for our Church order is congregational. But none of these names could fully describe us.—We are (we trust) something more than either of these names is usually understood to imply. In short, we know no name which adequately describes our principles,—our spirit,—and our purposes, except the name we have chosen. By choosing this name, we have desired to honor "Him, of whom the whole family in heaven and in earth is named." We acknowledge the Christian faith as comprising all religious truth; and the Christian character, as embracing all that is pure and good. We do not claim to have learned all that is true, nor to have attained to all that is good; but we are endeavoring after these things. We bow to the supreme authority of Jesus in every matter of religious faith, and earnestly seek by obedience to His laws, to become possessed of His pure spirit. We ought not, therefore, to profess ourselves anything but Christians; and if our conduct shall be found consistent with our profession, we ought to be regarded as Christians, and as *Christians only*.

Fourthly. As our name and principles are thus antisectarian; so are our purposes. We believe in the Brotherhood of the Human Family. And we earnestly desire that the Great Father of all may bless our humble efforts for the advancement of truth, and the promotion of brotherly affection among Mankind. We believe that Christianity was designed to be a blessing to man in every relation which he here sustains. We deplore the divorce of Religion from business and social life. We are associated solely for the promotion of the moral and social interests of Humanity. And we anticipate a period when Christianity shall be regarded, not as isolated from Business and Politics and Social Life, but, as the central truth in which all other truths culminate; and from which they derive increasing lustre, and *Man* increasing joy.

I request your indulgent consideration, Messrs. Editors, of the present lengthy letter; and desire that you will give it a place in your columns, if it be not inconsistent with your rules so to do.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully yours,
AUSTIN CRAIG.

General News.



CALIFORNIA AND SLAVERY.—A meeting was held in San Francisco, California, on the 17th of February, to further consider and act upon the question of negro slavery in the territory of California. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

That the delegates who are to represent the district of San Francisco in the Convention that is to be held at San Jose, for the formation of a Provisional Constitution, are hereby desired, requested, and instructed, by all honorable means, to oppose any act, measure, provision, or ordinance that is calculated to further the introduction of domestic slavery, *or of free negroes as apprentices, by indenture or otherwise, to be employed in the Territory of California.*

The clause in italics was an amendment, introduced by Col. Stevenson, and unanimously agreed to before the adoption of the resolution.

MAIL ROBBER ARRESTED.—A youthful mail robber has been arrested and lodged in the New Jersey Penitentiary. His name is H. S. Wilson, late a clerk in the Post Office at Pleasant Grove. Numerous letters containing money had disappeared on that route, and the theft was traced home by one of the secret agents of the Department, by mailing a trial letter containing money. The mail bag was opened at every station, the agent travelling with it, and inspecting the opening. The money disappeared at Pleasant Grove, and the theft being of course detected immediately, search was made and the money found in the possession of the lad.

CHURCH DIFFICULTIES.—Much excitement prevailed in Alexandria, Virginia, on Tuesday evening, of last week, originating in the recent division of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the subject of slavery, and the organization of two official bodies. The only church of that denomination in the city was taken possession of by the officers of that portion of the church officiating with the church South, who claim to be the legal representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and entitled to the building. The question will doubtless be thrown into Court for adjudication.

A QUAKER IN COURT.—At the opening of the Court, on Tuesday, a Quaker in attendance kept his hat on. The sheriff ordered him to take it off, but as he failed to obey, a deputy was sent to him to remove it, which he permitted to be done without resistance. The Quaker would not resume it again, however, but obtained another hat elsewhere, leaving his old one in possession of the bench, where the polite but inexorable deputy deposited it.—*Springfield Republican.*

SINGULAR DEVOTION IN A SLAVE.—A slave named Julius, belonging to J. W. Hudson, Esq., of Fairfield, South Carolina, committed suicide a short time since, by shooting himself with a pistol. He had been kindly and affectionately reared by his mistress, the late Mrs. Martha T. Hudson, from early infancy, and instructed by her in reading and writing. Upon the death of his mistress, grief for her loss drove him to this act of despair.

GOLD.—A gold placer was discovered twenty-two years ago, on the Arkansas River, about 40 miles below Little Arkansas. Col. Black, of Crawford County, Arkansas, is fitting out a company of one hundred to visit the region. They will leave on the 15th of August. Those who do not feel inclined to go all the way to California may be able to indulge their taste for the root of all evil by digging it on the Arkansas perhaps.

CHICORY IN COFFEE.—In a debate in the British Parliament upon the use of chicory (the dandelion root) in coffee, it was stated that the revenue lost more than half a million sterling by its use. It is said that this adulteration improves the flavor of coffee, and corrects its astringent qualities.

CHOLERA.—In the family of William B. Spell, near Yazoo city, Mississippi, the cholera broke out, and in the space of five days, the father, mother, five children and a grand-child all died—every inmate of the house swept away. The house was in a filthy condition.

SCARLET FEVER.—Five children of Mr. William Yates, near Russelville, Kentucky, died recently of scarlet fever, in the short space of four days—Their ages were from two to ten years, and the duration of the disease in the several cases from one to three days.

THE MEMPHIS CONVENTION.—The Governor of South Carolina has appointed one hundred and twenty Delegates to represent that State in the approaching Memphis Convention, on the 4th of July next.

HANGING FOR THEFT.—A negro man at Piedmont, Va., has been sentenced to be hung for stealing bacon from a meat house. We did not know that such barbarous laws still prevailed in Virginia.

Clippings.

"To view Passaic Falls one day,
A Priest and Tailor took their way—
'Thy wonders, Lord,' the Parson cries,
'Amaze our ears, delight our eyes!'
The tailor only made this note,
'My! what a place to sponge a coat!'"

☞ An exchange says:—"There are things which Deuteronomy commends and Leviticus forbids." What are they?

☞ The New York Metropolis says, the daintiest and most aristocratic novelty of the season, is the white parasol, or summer sun-shade, lined with a pink or rose color, and supported, like a delicate flower, upon a spotless stem of ivory.—These are yet but rare—only seen now and then in carriages of a certain pretension, or gracefully borne by some lady of decided style and figure.

☞ "Yesterday was a shocking cold day. By Mr. Jeemes Thompson's *chronometer*, it was forty degrees *below temperance!* He says there ha'nt been the like of it for thirty years, and he's kept a discribtion of the weather for that ar' time."

☞ "Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said, when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

☞ Artistic festivals are now fashionable in Munich, at which, in appropriate costume and character, whole histories are represented.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

☞ The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-trees, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.—*Longfellow's "Kavanagh."*

☞ A friend says that he always looks under the head of marriages for the *news of the week*.

☞ By advertisements in the Western papers, it appears that bricklayers are in great demand at St Louis, $2.50 being offered for good hands.

☞ The Old School Presbytery, of this city, disapproves of sitting during prayer, as grievously improper, whenever the infirmities of the worshipper do not render it necessary. Standing and kneeling are allowable.

☞ Dr. Graham, an old and experienced physician in London, says:—"I may state on very respectable authority, that the first leaves of whortleberry, properly gathered and dried in the shade, cannot be distinguished from real China teas."

THESE "girls" are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in seven!

☞ "When is the letter M masculine?"
"When it makes *Am, Man*."
"When feminine?"
"When it makes *Adam, Madam*."—*Boston Post.*

☞ One would suppose, on looking at the map, that New Orleans, as the great outlet of the Mississippi valley, would take the lead of New York in the export of corn; but the quantity exported from New York is shown to be double that sent from New Orleans.

☞ When passing a dwelling, as a general rule, it is not polite to look into the window; but when a pretty woman is sitting by it, for the ostensible purpose of being looked at, you may be considered uncivil and ungenerous, if you do not cast an admiring glance.

☞ A book was published in England during the protectorate of Cromwell, with the following title:—"Eggs of Charity, laid by the Chickens of the Covenant, and boiled by the Waters of Divine Grace; take ye, and eat."

☞ It appears that the population of France amounts to 35,950,000 inhabitants. Of this number, 2,412,000 live exclusively upon public charity; in addition to which, 7,884,500 are inscribed upon the poor lists.

☞ The constables of the town of Saco, Me., says an Eastern paper, have been ordered to arrest all the boys that may be found in the streets during ordinary school hours, and to carry them to such place as the Superintendent of Common Schools may direct.

☞ The extent of the debts of the fascinating Countess of Blessington, who was lately in Paris, may be judged by her owing H. and J., the milliners, upwards of £8,000.

☞ The Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., have discontinued their public meetings, owing to the annoyances and depredations committed by evil minded persons.

☞ A YANKEE COUNT.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) Messenger, states that the Russian General, Count Rinnerchoff, is a native of Meredith, New Hampshire, and his real name is Thomas F. Williams.

☞ "Are these rooms to let?" said a polite gentleman to a handsome young lady, as he placed his foot across the threshold. "Yes, sir." "And are you to be let with them?" "No, sir! *I'm to be let alone!*"

☞ The poor, in Germany, use the blossoms of the linden-tree instead of tea.

Original Essays.

HARMONIES OF NATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NO. X.

As the laws of attraction and affinity preserve the worlds, so the cunning of their inhabitants, and maternal tenderness protect them from danger. Sanguinary and strong races cannot annihilate the weak,—a perfect equilibrium reigns in Nature; every thing ripens, and nothing can be destroyed. Nature seems not to care for the preservation of individuals, but the races are protected, generally, from extinction. The most imperceptible insect has received means of protection. The lion, hidden in a thicket watching for the timid gazelle, which flies with the lightness of the wind, is not better provided with means of offence than the spider which stretches its net, goes to the chase, and returns loaded with prey. The arms of the wild boar are less dangerous than those of the wasp and the musquito. The kangaroo does not escape from its enemies by its fearful bounds better than the grasshopper which shoots off with so much agility. In proportion to their size, a beetle is six times stronger than a horse; and, according to Linnæus, if an elephant was as strong, in proportion, as a kite, it would be able to tear up the strongest trees.

This wise provision of Nature is not confined to the land; the sea shows the same kind provision of Providence. The torpedo, which seems feeble and helpless, is armed with a galvanic pile, and it escapes its voracious enemies by striking them with a thunder-bolt. The flying fish can leave its native element, and support itself in the air, for a considerable time, to shun the dorado which is in its pursuit. The light nautilus raises its elegant shell, which serves it for a ship, on the waves, and sails in small fleets in the solitude of the ocean. On the approach of a storm, it sinks in the depths of the sea, not to re-appear until the weather becomes settled. The calmar, or ink-fish, when pursued, throws a black liquid around its body, and escapes in the dark.

The cunning and habits of land animals are not less interesting. The cunning of the fox, the horns which Nature has given to numerous animals, the coat of mail and the scales with which almost all the insects are clothed, all show design and the acts of a benevolent Being. The castor raises dams across the stream, and builds houses of several stories in height; the muskrat settles on the sides of rivers, and lives in its small habitation of reeds; and the squirrel, not unfrequently, embarks on a piece of bark, and crosses the stream, like an Indian in his canoe.

From the beginning of the world, war has existed between the species, and still the equilibrium subsists. If individuals fall, the race remains; there is nothing more, nothing less, than at the creation. The established law produces the effect of a perpetual solicitude and constant attention. Beasts of prey do not multiply rapidly; innocent animals increase very fast. More numerous than their enemies, each individual is not required to defend himself daily. They enjoy repose, and have an easy life; their food is every where, which they find without trouble, and enjoy without battles; while there is no peace for animals of prey,—they are obliged to watch incessantly, their safety is in carnage, and they are always engaged in a war of extermination.

Who does not perceive the wisdom of this arrangement? If the weak animals had not the power to defend themselves from the strong, their race would soon become extinct; if the innocent were less numerous than the voracious, the same result would follow. Every thing is contrived so as to keep up a perfect equilibrium, and all things manifest contrivance, and the hand of a benevolent Contriver.

BUBULCUS.

Varieties.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

George W. Kendall is about publishing a history of the late war with Mexico. It will soon be out, and is described as an elaborate work, to be embellished with numerous illustrations, executed by Paris artists from drawings taken in Mexico. The editor of the Lowell Courier, in noticing the forthcoming work, relates the following interesting incident connected with Mr. Kendall's departure from Mexico, something more than a year since:

"When he was taken prisoner, years ago, during the Santa Fe expedition, he was marched with others to the capital, and thrown into one of the gloomy prisons of the city. During the solitary hours of his confinement, a beautiful Mexican lady, who had heard of him, often went to his prison window, and threw into his cell beautiful bouquets of flowers. She would sit before his grate for hours, day after day, and sing to him the sweetest airs and lays of her native land. Upon his final release and return home, he sent to the Senora Lopez—for such was the name of his guardian angel—a splendid present. Upon his second visit to the capital with Gen. Scott, he took charge of her son, and brought him to the United States, to educate and to rear him. As he was leaving the city, the Senora threw a magnificent gold chain over his neck, and rushed away—too much overcome to take leave of her boy. The Senora is the most accomplished singer in Mexico, and altogether one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen in the Capital."

EVERY THING OF USE.—A friend of ours, a gentleman of observation and reflection, informs us that the common bat, which many people consider an annoyance when it flies into and about their house during the summer and fall evenings, will destroy and effectually clear a room full of mosquitoes in a few minutes. He says they are perfectly harmless, and from repeated observations of their visits and business, he believes their objects in visiting a room is to make a meal of the flies, mosquitoes and other small insects which collect there. He has watched them so closely as to both see them catch the insects and hear the fine snap of their teeth upon them. He, therefore, never drives a bat out of his room, as many people do, who do not know their usefulness.

Although not yet late enough in the season to be troubled with mosquitoes, we put upon record the above information, for the benefit of our readers.

BOYS ON LAW.—Going up the street the other day, we saw three or four boys, eight or ten years of age, earnestly engaged in discussion. As we passed them one asked, "If one man was to cut another's head off, wouldn't he be hung right away?" Another, with all the dignity of a Judge, replied, "No, he wouldn't be hung in a minute—he would have *three* or *four* trials first." If the little fellow don't understand the theory, he is very well versed in the practice of the law, as at present administered.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,700 head; of these 1,500 were driven to New York, and the remainder sold here. Beeves are selling from $7.50 to 8.50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 700 head in the market, and 500 sold. Prices from $4.55 to 5 per 100 pounds. Cows as follows: $45 to 40 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, and $8 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $1 to 3, the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 9.

Holders of Flour continue very firm, and in some instances obtain an advance—the range, however, is much the same as yesterday, and the business is for the East, city trade, and export. I quote common to straight brands $4.94a4.81½, and pure Genesee $5.00a5.12½. Round hoop sold at $5.03, about 700 bbls. The export sales were at $4.50, including good Michigan, and $4.81a4.87½ for fine. Total sales are 7,000 bbls, 3,000 of which were for shipping. In New Orleans there is nothing doing—it is pretty much out of season. Rye Flour moved to the extent of 700 bbls at $2.87½a2.94. In Meal about 5 to 600 bbls sold at $2.87½ for Jersey. So there remains firm, with sales of 700 bbls at $1.87½a3.00.

Ashes—There is no change in the market, and the operations reach 120 bbls.

COTTON—The transactions to-day are but small, not exceeding 500 bales, at easy prices.

GRAIN—There has been a large demand for Wheat to-day, and the market firm. The sales are 20,000 bushels, mostly for milling and the East, at 85a90c for Upper Lake, 92a93c for old Ohio, $1.04a1.04 for good do, and $1.07a1.08 for Genesee. In Rye 3,500 bushels, sold at 57½c, delivered. Oats are steady, and sales are at 30a33c for Northern. Barley, nominally, the same. In Corn there is no marked change, and the business continues active. About 80 to 90,000 bushels sold, including 20,000 to arrive any time this month at 62a60c for round yellow. The balance was at 60c for high mixed Western, 60c for Jersey White, 59a60 for low mixed, 60c for mixed Pennsylvania, and 58 for round.

PROVISIONS.—There is a good demand for Pork, and the market is firm. Transactions reach 1,000 bbls at $9.75 for thin Mess, $10.00 for straight do, and $8.25 for Prime. In Beef the sales are 5 a 600 bbls at $11.00 for city Mess, $11.75 for Chicago, and $9.00 for city Prime. Beef Hams are worth $10.50. Lard is rather dull, sale not exceeding 200 bbls at 6¾a7c for good to extra. Cut Meats remain steady, and the sales are 700 packages at 4a4½c for dry salted Shoulders, 4¾a5 for pickle, 5¼a5¾ for Plain Hams, 6c for more in do cured, and 6½ for extra sugar cured. Butter is easier, and is quoted at 10a15c for Western tub, and 16 to 18c for pail Butter.

CLOSE SHAVING.—A member of the late Massachusett's Legislature, on arriving in Boston last winter, applied to the B—— House for board, and, after much haggling and chaffering, succeeded in beating down the landlord to nearly half his usual price. Mine host also agreed—with great reluctance—to deduct the *full, customary price* for each meal from which the representative was absent. What was Boniface's astonishment, when, calling upon his guest to settle at the end of the session, he found that, owing to the latter's numerous absences from the table, not a dollar was due from him for board, but on the contrary there was actually *a balance of $9,00 due to him from the landlord!* We will only add that the money was promptly "forked over," and that our noble-hearted representative, pocketing it with great coolness, went away chuckling with as much glee as if he had earned it by legislative services.—*Yankee Blade.*

☞ Fortune, in a miser's possession, is like a banquet furnished for the dead—nothing is wanting but a guest to enjoy it.

ALMANAC.

June, 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
16 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	10 21	
17 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	11 18	D. H. M.
18 Monday,	4 35	7 25	11 14	
19 Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	1 5	
20 Wedn'sday,	4 35	7 25	1 55	Full 5 5 27
21 Thursday,	4 34	7 26	2 56	Last 13 5 23
22 Friday,	4 35	7 25	3 37	New 20 9 17
23 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	4 55	First 25 5 40

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 3,	67	76	86
4,	72	81	94
5,	67	76	84
6,	67	76	78
7,	64	65	69
8,	67	79	85
9,	65	72	78

Marriages.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. LEWIS J. BAILEY, to Miss REBECCA S. LIPPINCOTT, both of Spring Garden.

On the 5th inst. by the same, Mr. HORNER DUBBEL, to Miss JANE E. RILEY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. GEORGE SWEENEY, to Miss MARY B. GORDON, both of Spring Garden.

On the 7th inst. by the same, Mr. AMOS C. MAZOR[illegible], to Miss SARAH B. SINGER, both of Spring Garden.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Berbelin, Mr. CHARLES H. VOORHEES, of New Brunswick, N. J. to Miss CHARLOTTE M. BOURBONVILLE, daughter of A. Bourbonville, M. D. of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. by John A. White, Esq. JOHN S. WHITE, to ANN E. KELLY, all of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. E. Neville, D. D., Mr. EPHRAIM BISHOP, to Miss CATHARINE E. daughter of the late John Orr, Esq. all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, HENRY M. CLARK, to Miss KATE GRAHAM, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. FRANCIS A. HYATT, to Miss SERENA J. FOSS, both of Cantwell's Bridge, New Castle county, Del.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Jos. A. DONNELLY, to KEZIA M. daughter of the late Benjamin Reeves, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Rees C. Evans, JAMES C. UMBERGER, to Miss T. LEIDY, daughter of Philip Leidy, Esq. all of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JOHN McCUTCHEON, to Miss MARGARET POTTER, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 29th ult. by Ald. W. G. Conrow, Mr. GEO. W. WEST, to MARIA PIERCE, all of Spring Garden.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Edmund Neville, D. D. WILLIS L. PARKER, of New York, to ELLEN, daughter of the late Amos W. Butcher, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 2d ult. at Princeton, N. J. by the Rev. Dr. John Maclean, Mr. ROBERT STOCKTON, to Miss CATHARINE BASSFORD, all of that place.

On the 24th ult. in the Borough of Easton, Pa. by the Rev. J. Gray, D. D., JOHN H. SEBRETT, of this city, to ELLEN R. daughter of Ralph Tindall, Esq. of the former place.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. ROBT. GERRY, to Miss ANNA C. DWYER, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. THOS. GILLEY, to Miss ELIZABETH BIRD, both of the State of Delaware.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. WM. M. TIEL, to Miss MARY H. MASON, daughter of Alva Mason, Esq. all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Ald. John Laws, BISPHAM FORT, of the township of Willingborough, Burlington county, N. J., to ANN FEE, of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia county.

Deaths.

On the 7th inst. WM. REYNOLDS, aged 57 years.
On the 7th inst. WM. H. LOWE, aged 14 years.
On the 7th inst. JOHN EDGAR, aged 40 years.
On the 7th inst. JOHN G. LINGENFELTER, aged 35.
On the 7th inst. Mr. DAVID BOOTH, aged 61 years.
On the 7th inst. MARY ANN, daughter of Martin and Sarah Stauffer, aged 5 years.
On the 30th ult. at his residence, near Fort Hamilton, L. I., Capt. PAUL A. OLIVER, aged 35 years, formerly of this city.
On the 7th inst. MARY, wife of John M'Mullin, aged 40 years.
On the 7th inst. JOSEPH HALLMAN, aged 32 years.
On the 7th inst. ELIZABETH OPPERMAN, daughter of Wm. E. and Maria Walton, aged 5 months.
On the 6th inst. Miss EMMA M. WEBER, aged 17.
On the 6th inst. Mr. JOHN E. INGRAM, aged 74.
On the 7th inst. Mr. ROBERT HIBBERT, aged 66.
On the 6th inst. EMILY AUGUSTA, daughter of Geo. and Rachel Emerick.
On the 6th inst. REBECCA JOHNSON, aged 31 years.
On the 6th inst. CAROLINE ELIZABETH, daughter of Vincent and Caroline Hammond, aged 3 years and 5 months.
On the 7th inst. Mr. WM. F. HARRISON, aged 50.
On the 5th inst. MARY B. wife of John L. Passmore.
On the 5th inst. WILLIAM G. son of W. G. and M. Norton, aged 15 months.
On the 5th inst. MARY EMBRICK, daughter of Wm. F. and Caroline E. Smith, aged 21 months.
At Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, on the 25th ult. INDIANA B. WHITING, wife of Major D. P. Whiting, 7th Infantry, U. S. A.
On the 4th inst. FRANCES GOODHOP, aged 19 years.
On the 4th inst. JOHN SHELL, aged 71 years.
On the 5th inst. HENRY, son of Mr. J. L. Harkenburg, aged 10 years.
On the 4th inst. JOSEPH W. son of Wm. and Margaretta McMichael, aged 4 years and 6 months.
On the 4th inst. MARY STEWART, aged 79 years.
On the 4th inst. CHRISTOPHER WALSH, Jr. aged [illegible].
On the 4th inst. GEORGE FRITZ.
On the 4th inst. WM. H. DUFFIELD.
On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN KIVEL, aged 45 years.
At Ellis's Island, N. Y. on the 1st inst. Mrs. NANCY COOPER, wife of Jas. M. Cooper, U. S. Navy.
On the 3d inst. WM. S. SMITH, aged 29 years.
On the 4th inst. BRIDGET BLOOMER, aged 35 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & CO., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 16, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	11 dis
Girard do.	par
Tradesmen's bk	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	10 dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	par
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
M. Hope, Del Bridge	[illegible] dis
Yard. Del Bridge co.	15 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	uncertain
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	15 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	20 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	25 dis
Atlas bank	6a36 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex. bk	½ dis
Country banks	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis

NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches	1 dis
Far. Bk. & branch	1
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	50 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	—

GLOUCESTER POINT EXCURSIONS.—KENSINGTON.—The splendid Steamers "FASHION" and "CONCORD" will leave, every fine Afternoon, Brown's Ferry Wharf, at a quarter of 2 o'clock, and at a quarter of every succeeding hour up to 7 o'clock. On Sundays and Holidays will commence at a quarter of 8 o'clock, A. M., and run all day.—Fare 6¼ cents.

FROM THE CITY.—The Excursion Boats will leave Second Wharf above Walnut street, every half hour through the Afternoon, touching at Almond St. on the down trips.

REGULAR LINE.—Touching at Almond street and at the Machine Shop Wharf at Gloucester, each way. Leaves every hour during the Forenoon, and at 11, 12, 3½, 4½, 5½, 6½, 7½, during the Afternoon.

R. T. McNEURIE, Agent.

☞ GUNGL'S UNRIVALLED BAND in attendance every Afternoon. je16-3m

WANTED.

A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN, to go South and West. Also, some in the New England States, to act as agents for the sale of new and popular works, $300 per year profits over and above their expenses will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1,000 per year, and more, if they are active. Some men now in our employ, will, no doubt, make over $1,000 per year, clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 to $50, to obtain a good fitting out. Apply to A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Phila.

All letters must be post paid. ap28-3m

FASHIONABLE BLIND STORE.—The undersigned having taken the store formerly occupied by J. W. Cassady, No. 7 Hart's Buildings, Sixth above Chesnut street, where he has on hand Blinds of original Patterns, Colors and Trimmings, and will manufacture to order warranted to be equal to any in the United States, would respectfully invite the public to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Manufactory and store 347 Race street below 10th. Sale store No. 7 Hart's Building.

ROBERT W. KENSIL,
Practical Band-maker.
ap14-1y

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Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, E. B. James, Henry Platt,* and *E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, R. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Locke.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

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JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

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OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 2d to the 8th June.

June 2, received from

Misses Wilson	1 00	J. R. Weeks	2 00
Mrs. J. C. Steckler	2 00	D. N. Judson	8 00
J. W. Conrad	2 00	J. Howard	2 00
W. B. Zeiber	3 00	J. M. Hanley	4 00
W. James	4 00	W. Yocum	3 00
W. M. Richardson	2 00	G. P. Stors	2 00
A. Van Buren	4 00	H. C. Locke & Co.	10 00
W. K. Jackson	11 25	D. & W. Shepherd	15 00
Miss M. Hoonsday	2 00	Mrs. E. S. Crane	2 00
C. Fullerton	5 00	Miss A. M. Lowery	2 00
A. Walker	1 00		
June 4.			
J. Harlen	1 00	S. Snyder	2 00
B. Depuy	2 00	G. W. McIver	5 00
I. E. James	115 00	J. M. Goodrich	4 00
J. K. Whipple	29 25	D. G. Stewart	4 00
C. W. James	60 00	D. N. Caldwell	2 00
Mrs. A. Thomas	1 00	J. H. Thompson	4 00
L. W. Rodgers	2 00	T. A. Miller	2 00
S. Tompkins	5 00	A. West	1 50
S. Reading	1 25	Mrs. A. Balcom	1 50
R. W. Cooke	1 00	T. G. Wert	1 50
G. Gebhard	2 00	J. Dungan	2 00
I. R. Sterbeck	1 00	J. Saunders	2 00
S. Stowe	5 00	J. L. Fadger	15 00
C. S. Fuller	5 00	F. Edge	2 00
J. J. Witt	21 00	Mrs. Ellen McCreth	2 00
D. C. Stratton	2 00		
June 5.			
R. M. Johnson	1 25	R. S. Payne	5 00
T. B. Paterson	2 00	P. Brower	2 00
F. Fluke	20 00	Misses M. & S. Renner	2 00
O. McIntire	2 00	J. McMillan	25 00
S. Mercer	1 00	J. Pearsall	3 00
E. Holloway	2 00	J. C. Pendleton	5 00
A. L. Herder	5 00	Mrs. L. C. Carter	2 00
D. P. Moyer	5 00	Miss M. L. Dodsley	2 00
T. Feentiling	2 00	T. H. Lodley, Jr.	2 00
J. Shide	8 00	N. C. Cathcart & Co.	10 00
J. V. Cleo's	1 00		
June 6.			
C. Redelif	2 00	D. G. Henry	5 00
J. S. Hurley	2 00	J. J. Richardson	1 00
S. Collins	2 00	S. Bradbury	2 00
A. A. Seely	6 25	Mrs. F. T. Baker	2 00
D. P. Tussey	11 25	Mrs. H. K. Darley	2 00
C. C. Moore	2 00	C. D. Webster & Co.	15 00
H. S. Hart	5 00	S. C. & J. Bailey	15 00
T. Davis	2 00	T. T. Blumley & Co.	5 00
Gen. J. M. Logan	2 00		
June 7.			
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Archery—an engraving on wood, by Kelly.
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Office of the Secretary of the Regents of the University, ALBANY, March 12, 1849.

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BILIOUSNESS.
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.
ERYSIPELAS.
FLATULENCE.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
GIDDINESS.
SCROFULA.

The above among the manifold shapes which disease assumes, springing from the same root or cause in a depraved state of the fluids of the body, have all yielded to the power of this extraordinary medicine. In nothing, however, is the verity of our theory and practice better established than in the success which attends the use of the medicine in the diseases incident to the summer and fall. When every nerve, apparently, is relaxed, and the whole body unstrung by the influence of heat and capricious changes of weather, it is then that those poisonous gases are generated which result in Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, and kindred disorders. And, however contradictory it may appear, no anodyne, no opiate nor astringent offers any but a temporary relief from these disorders. The reason is obvious. While your anodynes, &c., merely lull the powers of nature into a dangerous repose, from which they awake but to exert themselves with even more violence than before, these Pills utterly expel the *offending cause itself*, and thus make effectual the work they undertake to perform. The reason may be seen in a remarkable manner in another light. A too rapid motion of the vital organs is equally unnatural as a too slow motion. The one comes from a too great flow of bile, which is deficient in the latter case. Now, whether to correct the one or to remove the other, the use of this medicine is of equal service. The object to be gained in both is to restore the equilibrium of the system. We could establish our position by a host of certificates, but this we deem unnecessary.

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J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
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Selected Poetry.

TO MARY.

"Thou art the brightest—and the last!"

Thou art afar!—the weary moments linger!
Oh, how unlike the hours with thee I passed;
When Time, with mocking and relentless finger,
His rod the glittering sands unto the last.
The shadows gather on the darkened dial,
Ocean in the splendor of thy presence bright,
And my heart, heavy at the sad espial,
Longs for thy loving smile, thine eye of light—

For tones whose echoes in my brain are ringing—
For the soft pressure of thy hand in mine—
For the sweet angel-words, divinely bringing
Joy to my soul from out the heaven of thine.
And as these thronging memories round me thicken,
Mine eyes are filling with resistless tears;
My blood grows warm, my sluggish pulses quicken,
My life turns back upon its buried years.

And thou?—upon the midnight of thy sadness
Breaks the clear light of Love's serenest star?
Comes to thy couch the angel-presenced Gladness,
Thought-sped by him who loves thee from afar?
Or, when the watching stars are pale in heaven,
And the unquiet winds are sunk in sleep,
Dost thou too number, with the "sister seven,"
The lonely moments but to wake and weep?

Oh, wake and weep no more!—when last I met thee
There seemed a colder pallor in thy cheek;
Yet, though a thousand haunting fears beset me,
I felt, in silence, what I dared not speak.
Ah, when I pressed thee, at our mournful parting,
So' bing and pale, unto a breast of pain,
Unlike thy own, my tears unconscious starting,
Fell at the thought—"We may not meet again!"

We may not meet!—the shadows close around me,
As life grows darker on its onward track,
Oh! from the dull and struggling glooms that bound me,
How my heart looks with mournful longing back!
Turns often back, with wild and hopeless yearning,
To joy's green slopes that far behind me swell,
Yet, sadly conscious there is no returning,
Brokenly murmureth—"Farewell! farewell!"

LURLEY PEARE.

A Glance at the Past

ANCIENT NINEVEH

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

arch. The Lord gave his promise to Hezekiah, the King of Assyria should not not come into the city—

"Nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord. For I will defend this city to save it, for my own sake, and for my servant David's sake. And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians, an hundred fourscore and five thousand; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses."

After this miserable discomfiture Sennacherib returned to Nineveh, where he was soon called to quell a revolt of the Medes and Babylonians. After a few years he was assassinated, by his own sons.

"And it came to pass, as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch, his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword; and they escaped into the land of Armenia. And Esarhaddon, his son, reigned in his stead."

Here begins a new scene in this grand drama of empire. The Assyrians had been used as a scourge to Israel on account of the sins of the latter. Israel had copied the idolatry of Assyria—Jeremiah reproved them for going in the way of Assyria, Ezekiel accused them of a departure from the virgin purity of the Jewish religion and worship. "With all their idols she defiled herself. Wherefore I have delivered her into the hand of her lovers, into the hand of the Assyrians, upon whom she doateth." Hosea complains of the propensity of Israel to call upon Assyria for deliverance from danger, when in reality God was punishing her for idolatry. "Ephraim is like a silly dove without heart—they call to Egypt—they go to Assyria." Then he predicts that Ephraim shall be carried to Assyria as a present to King Jareb, and shall eat unclean things. But God loved Israel. They were His chosen. He would not suffer them to fall utterly away.

When the Assyrian host, in its victorious march westward, has reached Jerusalem itself and contemptuously defies Jehovah, there stands up before the affrighted Jewish King a rough-visaged man with long beard and plain attire, crying, "Fear not, Jehovah shall deliver thee. The Assyrian shall be destroyed." It is remarkable how frequent and how minute are these predictions in the Old Testament previous to the destruction of Assyria. Isaiah is full of it. Micah also prophesies its destruction, "And He will stretch out His hand against the north and destroy Assyria; and will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her—all the beasts of the nations; both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the thresholds, for he shall uncover the cedarwork. This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly; that said in her heart *I am, and there is none beside me*; how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand." But the most striking exhibition of God's indignation against the city, and His purpose to destroy it, is given in the prophecy of Nahum, which is wholly devoted to this one thing. Before, however, I read in your hearing this remarkable prophecy, let us endeavor to picture to ourselves the city against which it was uttered.

On the eastern bank of the broad and rapid Tigris, stretching for eighteen miles, stands Nineveh, with its walls 100 feet in height, and so broad that chariots three abreast may drive thereon, while huge buttresses and towers at every corner and angle afford a sure defence. Entering the city we behold beautiful gardens on every hand, and flocks and herds sufficient to maintain a protracted siege.—Passing on a distance of some miles into the heart of the vast area, we behold the palace of the King, elevated upon huge platforms of sunburnt bricks, to remove it from the dampness of the soil near the bank of the river, and to render it more cool and salubrious in the heat of Summer. We pass into this place through a portal guarded on either hand by colossal images. We tread the long and lofty corridors on each side adorned with sculptured marble, and above these sculptures are decorations in gaudy colors of the King in his triumphs, leading home from victory his captives, or enjoying himself amid the sports of the chase, or officiating in the high religious ceremonies of the nation. We tread on sculptured marble, chronicling the deeds of long generations of Kings. At the end of the great hall 160 feet in length, 40 in width and 20 in height, we behold the King himself in royal state; his cupbearers, with their platters of silver and gold, are kneeling at his side; his great men stand around him, and are obedient to his nod; he is adorned in the choicest embroidery, in King's apparel. As we follow on from one chamber to another, we see here the golden couch on which he is accustomed to repose, and there the implements of the chase with which he is wont to divert himself. The whole is illuminated through the stained windows which admit the clear light of the blue heavens above. That Monarch wields a sceptre over millions—all Western Asia is subject to his will—Egypt has felt his power—Israel, God's chosen has trembled at his footstep. In this very height of his grandeur, rises up the lone Prophet of Judea, and utters his note of warning:

SENTENCE AGAINST NINEVEH!

"An angry God and avenging is Jehovah;
Jehovah avengeth and is full of wrath,
Jehovah taketh vengeance on His adversaries
And He keepeth anger for His enemies.
The mountains tremble before Him,
And the hills melt,
And lifted up is the earth in His presence,
And the world and all that dwell therein!
But with an overwhelming flood He will make an end of her place, [Nineveh]
And darkness shall pursue His enemies.
What do ye [Assyrians] devise against Jehovah?
An end He maketh,
A second time, distress shall not arise;
For, as thorns entangled,
And as with their wine drunken,
They shall be consumed as stubble full dry.
But of thee [Assyria] hath Jehovah commanded,
That no harm of Thy name shall be sown,
From the house of thy gods I will cut off the carved image and molten image,
I will make thy grave, for thou art vile."

Then follows comfort to Israel, after which the Prophet proceeds:

"And Nineveh was like a pool of waters of old;
Yet they flee; 'Stand! stand!' but no one looketh back;
Seize the silver! Seize the gold!
And there is no end to the treasure;
Abundance of all costly vessels.
Desolation! devastation! and destruction!
And the heart melts and there is tottering of the knees,
And pangs in all loins, and all faces gather redness.
Woe! to the city of blood!
The whole of her with violence is full!
She doth not give up her prey.
Lo! I am against thee, saith Jehovah of Hosts!
And I will uncover thy skirts before thy face,
And I will cause the nations to see thy nakedness,
And the kingdoms thy shame.
And I will cast upon thee abominations,
And I will disgrace thee,
And will set thee as a gazing-stock,
And it shall come to pass that every one that seeth thee shall flee from thee.
And shall say, 'Perished is Nineveh.'
Who shall bewail her?
When shall I seek comforters for thee?
Lo! thy people are women in the midst of thee,
To thy enemies wide opened shall be the gates of thy land;
The fire shall consume thy bars,
No healing for thy breach,
Incurable is thy wound;
All that hear the report of thee,
Shall clap the hands upon thee,
For upon whom hath not thy wickedness continually passed."

Now let us look for the fulfillment of this prediction. What more unreasonable, humanly speaking, than that such a city, so full of magnificence and power, should come to such an end! Sennacherib was succeeded, as we have seen, by his son Esarhaddon. He was probably the Sardanapalus of Profane History. In the early part of his reign he appears to have been an active and successful warrior; but he sunk into sensuality and sloth, and was especially addicted to the bestial vices of intemperance. The satraps of Media and Babylonia revolted and besieged him in his capital. He sustained the siege for three years, such were there resources of Nineveh; and a prediction was uttered by the oracle that the city should never be taken until the river itself should rise and overwhelm it. Sardanapalus felt that he was safe; but the tradition is that on a certain morning it was rumored that the river, by a sudden rise, had effected a breach in the walls, and that through the breach the enemy were entering. The preparations at the Palace still withstood their approach. The King, however, found that his subjects were deserting him on every hand, and to avoid the disgrace of being captured by his enemies, he made a huge funeral pile, into which he threw his wives and treasures, his vessels and couches of silver and gold, and set them on fire—and then threw himself into the flames. This occurred 717 B. C. Thus ended the great Assyrian Empire. But Assyria maintained its existence as a separate State for more than a century after the death of Sardanapalus. It was reduced, however, in its territorial limits, and crippled in its resources, gradually sinking into decay. At length Cyaxares and Nabopolassar, Vice-King of Babylon, made an alliance against Assyria, captured and destroyed Nineveh, and divided the kingdom between them. This was about the year 600 B. C.—a date which can be fixed with great accuracy. It could not have been overthrown much before the death of Josiah, 609 B. C. because allusion is made to a King of Assyria having vexed him. No mention is made of the Assyrians by Jeremiah in his general enumeration of the enemies of Israel, in the year 605 B. C.—so that it was probably about the year 606 or 607 B. C. that Nineveh finally perished.

Some ten years after this event, the Prophet Ezekiel, who was living in captivity by the Chebar, wrote his prophecy, in which he alludes in the most graphic manner to the fall of Assyria. I cannot stay to read the passage at length, but you will find it in Ezek. xxxi. 3, and onward.

"Therefore thus saith the Lord God, because thou hast lifted up thyself in height, and he hath shut up his top among the thick boughs, and his heart is lifted upon in his height; I have, therefore, driven him into the hand of the mighty one of the Heathen; he shall surely deal with him; I have driven him out from his wickedness," &c.

When Xenophon, in the memorable Retreat of the Ten Thousand, crossed this very plain 400 years before Christ, nothing was to be seen save a few mounds, indicative of the ruins of a city, but the very name of Nineveh had perished, and instead of it, he heard only the name of a smaller city, that had risen on the same site and had perished also.—Desolation has reigned there, and even vegetation has almost disappeared, and the hot dry sands of the desert, with the debris of sun baked bricks, have buried the remains of one of the most powerful Empires of antiquity. There it has slumbered in the oblivion of ages. Tradition still pointed to the spot where Nineveh once stood. The tomb of Jonah was preserved with religious care, and the great mound of Nimrod—5,000 yards in circumference—lent a coloring to the romantic legends of roving Arabs of the plain. Occasionally sun-dried bricks, with arrow headed inscriptions and fragments of sculpture were found, exciting the wonder of the rude nations, and the curiosity of European antiquaries. Huge mounds, fragments of pottery and masses of sun-dried bricks were found, but no pillars and temples such as are found in Rome and Greece. There were yet wanting, however, enterprise, perseverance, courage, tact, enthusiasm and pecuniary resources for the thorough scientific exploration of these mysterious mounds.

All these, except the latter, were remarkably combined in a young Englishman, Layard by name, who, having succeeded in procuring scanty means, began his work of exploration in the year 1845.—He was preceded, however, in discovery by Mr. Botta, the French Consul, residing at Mosul, to whom belongs the honor of having brought to view the first authentic remnants of that ancient empire. Mr. Layard's discoveries have recently been published in Great Britain, and re published in this city, in very elegant style, and form a most attractive volume. The effect of his investigation upon the Arabs whom he employed to assist him, was very peculiar and novel. They were astounded at what they saw. At first they were amused that a man should take such pains and go to such expense to gather a few stones. But when they began to perceive as they pursued their excavations what wonders were hidden in those bounds, that feeling gave way to unbounded admiration. They looked upon him as almost a divinity, and they would shout in their wild cries as one and another of them was brought to light, "These are the idols which the prophet said were higher than a date tree—the idols that Noah cursed before the Flood." They inquired of Mr. Layard what was his object in making these investigations, whether Englishmen would become any wiser or better by them, whether they would enable Englishmen to manufacture any new or better articles of commerce, for that was the standard by which they measured the greatness of England. They finally settled down upon the belief that the Queen of England was devoted to idolatry, and that she wanted these symbols to set up in her palaces. They felt not a little humiliated also at these marks of skill in unbelievers; but they comforted themselves by the reflection that God had permitted infidels to make such progress in art in this world, that He might render more illustrious by contrast the glory which He would bestow upon the faithful in the next.

What now is the evidence that Mr. Layard and Mr. Botta have found the veritable site of Nineveh? I answer—The Scriptures locate it in Assyria, and nowhere else; and the original limits of that Empire are tolerably known. Strabo and Ptolemy, and all ancient geography and history, locate this city at the junction of the Tigris and the Greater Zab, precisely where these mounds are found. All tradition has always located it there.

Now, as to the antiquity of these ruins. We know when that city was destroyed. I have just remarked that that date is fixed very accurately.—No city could have arisen afterward, within the limits of history, and attained to a greatness corresponding to such ruins, without the fact being known and recorded. These ruins indicate a period of wealth and power, not of decline, and must therefore be carried back as far as the reign of Sardanapalus at least. In the course of excavation, tombs were discovered over the ruins which were themselves in a state of ruin, showing that another race had dwelt upon these mounds, without knowing that they were the sepulchre of a race long perished.

The key to the cuniform inscriptions, many of which have been accurately copied, will unravel many of those mysteries. What now do these ruins indicate? A tolerable state of civilization. They consist chiefly in sculptures of bas relief, generally upon the gypsum of coarse marble of that region—slabs from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and nearly the same in breadth, representing the chase, religious ceremonies, battles, sieges, and the like. One of these, representing a lion-hunt, of which Mr. Layard gives a drawing, exhibits extraordinary muscular development in the subjects. They are really fine specimens of sculpture, if we can lay aside for a while our modern standards of Art. Entire halls were lined with these sculptures. Ivory was also found wrought in a very high degree of perfection. Paintings, too, were found in rich and gorgeous colors, which unhappily faded on being brought to the light and air. Glass vases, of exceedingly delicate structure, were found existing in Nineveh long before it was supposed that glass was manufactured. The pulley, too, and the arch were found, at a period long anterior to that to which they have been heretofore ascribed. It is evident that the art of embroidery was carried to great perfection. Assyria, as we learn from Ezekiel, had commerce with Tyre, and thence obtained blue cloths, and broidered work, and chests of rich apparel. All these sculptures indicate that the garments worn, especially those of the King, were richly embroidered. The ruins indicate great wealth and power. I have already said, in my previous description of this city in the height of its grandeur—which, as you will readily perceive, was based upon these recent discoveries—that one of the chambers found was 160 feet in length. Some fourteen chambers have been excavated by Mr. Layard, and nearly the same number by Mr. Botta, at the distance of eighteen miles apart. Probably all the rooms they discovered, in each location, belonged to a single palace in that angle of the city.

It is evident that the Assyrians were a conquering race. The monuments are chiefly the monuments of war. They were a great, fierce, sensual, athletic people, having, as has been said, a perfect *non-chalance*. Those who most nearly resemble them at this day are the Koords of that same region. You see in their countenance the preponderance of the brutal part, settled ferocity and the consciousness of strength. How accurately does the brutal expression which marks the countenance of the charioteer, driving on to the fight (of which a drawing is before us,) as copied by Layard, from the sculpture slab, answer to the description of Ezekiel:—"They dash young men to pieces; their eye does not spare children; they are terrible and dreadful.—They shall scoff at kings, and princes shall be a scorn to them. They shall divide every stronghold, for they shall heap up dust [that is, a mound] and take it. Whose arrows are shafts, and all their bows bent; their horses' hoofs shall be counted like a flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind." We find also representations of battering-rams, helmets, spears, swords, dirks, bludgeons, chariots and various implements of war, and also representations of cities in a state of siege.

The government of Nineveh, as we learn traditionally, and as indicated by these discoveries, was absolutely despotic. There are abundant marks in all these sculptures of reverence to the King. The King always takes precedence. Wherever the King is represented on the bas relief, there is the chief point of interest in the battle or the chase. Perhaps he combined the offices of priest and monarch. He is generally found clothed in a long flowing robe, elegantly embroidered, having a girdle and tassels suspended from it; over it there is thrown a shorter tunic, and the head is crowned with a mitre or tiara. Those of you who have access to the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, published at Andover, will find a very interesting letter from the pen of Rev. Thomas Laurie, a Missionary of the American Board in the East, containing an account of a visit to the excavations at Khorsabad by Mr. Botta. He gives the same general description that you will find in Layard's book.

The religion of the Ninevites, as brought to light by these discoveries, was evidently Sabianism—the worship of the host of Heaven. The Sun, Moon and Stars are often represented as suspended from the neck of the King. They had also other objects of worship, and one of the most remarkable and conspicuous of these was the human-headed, winged lion and bull. The first of these combined the head of a man, the body of a lion, and the wings of an eagle, and strongly reminds us of the description of Ezekiel, when he essays to convey in human language his conception of the cherubim. Whether Ezekiel, who in his captivity was carried into that region, and was conversant, of course, with Nineveh, took that as the ground work of his sublime conception; or, what is more probable, I think, whether there had been from the beginning a revelation of the cherubim which the Ninevites had perverted to idolatrous uses, and which Ezekiel now restored to its true spiritual import, I cannot, of course, decide. Suffice it to say that no symbol of idolatry that has come to us from any age is to be compared with this in character. What grander conceptions as an object of idolatrous worship than the combination of human intelligence, with the strength of the lion, and the swiftness of the eagle? Very many of these sculptures have been found, and some of them preserved by the discoverers. They had also another peculiar figure—the eagle-headed man. This figure was probably a type of this supreme divinity, since in conflict it always appears victorious. There was also a figure in a circle; a figure of Baal or Belus; of a female divinity, Hera; a sacred tree, flowers and other implements. Says Mr. Layard:

"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods! What more sublime images could have been borrowed from Nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of motion, than the wings of a bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races who flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the Eternal City. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stand forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half barbarous tribes. The wealth of the temples and the riches of great cities had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments, no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; while these before me had but now appeared to bear witness, in the words of the prophet, that once the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs—his height was exalted above all trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of Heaven made their nests in his boughs—and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young—and under his shadow dwelt all great nations; for now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds." (Ezekiel xxxi. 3, and Zephaniah iii. 14, 24.)

This human-headed winged lion is to be found guarding the portals of the magnificent palace as I have described.

We have here unquestionably the memorials of ancient Nineveh. And lest some of you should imagine that these were the mere notes of a stray traveller, concerning whom we have no authentic information, I would remark that very many of these sculptures are deposited in the British Museum. And here we might pause and reflect upon the fact that these memorials of a race so long decayed are now exhumed from their sepulchres and made to adorn the halls of curiosity in the mightiest empire of the world, which empire sprang not into being, had not even its rudest germ, till a thousand years after Nineveh had perished. Farther investigations are being pursued by Mr. Layard, under the countenance of the trustees of the British Museum which are leading to richer results. Since the first delivery of this lecture, and since the publication of Mr. Layard's book in this country, there has been a new arrival at the British Museum of some 25 or more pieces of sculpture. We have also Mr. Botta's work, and the testimony of travellers.

With what a feeling of solemnity do we find ourselves in the presence of these monuments of an ancient and decayed civilization! How melancholy the spectacle! How sad the thought that races have risen to such grandeur, have flourished in such magnificence, only to fade almost from the memory of man. Greece, too, has perished, for there Art was prostituted to Lust, and Genius made the slave of Sensuality. Rome, which extended the shield of her empire to the very heart of Ancient Assyria, has also crumbled into decay.

And yet, amid all this, we may mark with heartfelt satisfaction, THE REAL PROGRESS OF THE RACE. Wherein is that progress signified? It is not to be measured by the progress of art, especially the fine arts, (for in these Greece attained the height;) nor even by the progress of the useful arts. It is evident that the mechanic arts must have been in a tolerable state of perfection even in Nineveh. We cannot tell what contrivances they possessed for transporting huge blocks of stone, some of which have been discovered 14 feet in height, 17 in width and 4 in thickness, richly carved. Images of bronze and copper wheels have been brought to light.—Nor is the progress of the race to be measured merely by progress in science and general knowledge, vast and amazing as that has been, especially in the last century. Nor is it to be measured by the cessation of war—though this is happily less the occupation of mankind than formerly. There are now fewer wars of ambition, fewer wars of conquest fewer wars of avarice; yet it does not answer to congratulate ourselves very warmly in this particular with British India distinctly in view and with reminiscences nearer home. But we mark the essential progress of the race in this particular, in the higher regard for the individual man, for the elevation of the masses. The king is no more absolute; nowhere rules in the Western seats of civilization as of old upon the plains of Assyria, swaying millions by a nod. The progress of the race is upward and onward in this particular. Each individual man is coming to be recognized as having an equal right with every other man, to this rich inheritance which God, the Universal Father, hath given to His children.

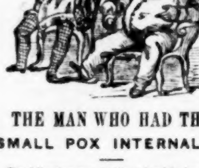
And yet the great problem of Modern Society is not fully solved. We wait for a time when we shall witness the full application of the spirit of Christianity to the social and economical condition of men; when that spirit shall pervade every family and every heart. We wait for a time when brutality and sensuality, as here characterized, shall have utterly faded away, and men shall wear the aspect of love.

But that which most interests us in these discoveries is the corroboration of the Scriptures which they furnish which may be illustrated even to minute particulars. We read in Ezekiel concerning Israel:—"She doteth upon the Assyrians her neighbors, captains and rulers clothed most gorgeously, horsemen riding upon horses. She saw men portrayed upon the wall—the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion." (when Mr. Layard and Mr. Botta opened these chambers, long buried, as I have said, they beheld these glaring colors in the dresses of warriors, such as Ezekiel saw portrayed with vermilion on the walls) "girdled with girdles upon their loins, exceeding in dyed attire upon their heads, all of them princes to look to." Such are the specimens of the minute confirmation of Scriptural allusions furnished by these discoveries. But we have the grand fact that the predictions of God's word are thus fully verified. Nineveh, Assyria, triumphed over Israel, led the people of God into subjection, hurried them away captive, scorned them, yet while the monuments of that ancient and mighty people have perished, when that old civilization has faded away and been so long buried, these Scriptures and the race to whom these Scriptures were given yet live, live to echo in our ears to-night the doom of Nineveh, live to testify that God is in the heavens, and that His Word is everlasting Truth.

Who has taken care of the Bible? And for what reason has it been preserved? Trace the line of Abraham and his seed in contrast with that of Nimrod. Nimrod and his successors falling into idolatry. Abraham and his seed persevering the knowledge of the living God. How and why? They had propensities to idolatry no less strong than others, but God had a covenant purpose with respect to them, which purpose should not fail. I put it now to the skeptic, to the unbeliever, I put it to the young man whose mind has been perverted by the reading of such books as Volney's Ruins; answer me, explain this fact, how is it that the memorials of such a mighty race, the conquerors of the world, have so utterly perished, only now to be exhumed after long centuries, in a few fragments; while the living word given to that poor, insignificant, despised people remains in all its original fulness and freshness and power, and furnishes us the most authentic records of the history of that Empire, now confirmed by these speaking memorials? Answer me that fact; explain it on the principles of infidelity.

Finally, we observe that the favor of God is necessary to national prosperity. There is such a Providence in the government of this world. There is a God who rules in the Heavens, and whose dominion is over all; before whom the nations bow, at whose command they rise, and at whose command they sink. When and where in the history of the world has there been a city of which God hath predicted the overthrow, that has survived? Nineveh has gone; Babylon has gone; Tyre has gone; Thebes has gone; the Assyrian Empire has gone; the old Medo Persian Empire has gone; the Grecian Empire has gone; and the Roman Empire has gone; and Jerusalem, as she once stood in her pride and glory, has gone also. Is there not a God in Heaven? Doth He not control the affairs of men? Shall that nation prosper that forgets God, and forsakes His Sabbath, that disregards His word? Oh! let us remember, as we stand amid these symbols of by gone ages, who it is that speaks to us, and what the voice He utters! And as that voice comes to us, as citizens of a new and growing nation, it comes to us as individual hearers also, for Christ said to the Jews in His day, "The men of Nineveh shall rise up in Judgment, and condemn this generation, for they repented at the preaching of Jonah. Behold a greater than Jonah is here." Yes, my dear hearers, a greater than Jonah is here, speaking to you in this living word, and from these monuments of the dim Past, warning you lest you forsake God and perish also.

Wit and Humor.



THE MAN WHO HAD THE SMALL POX INTERNALLY.

The following case of Hypochondria has never appeared in print. It occurred in the private practice of Dr. Todd, the first physician to the Retreat of the Insane, in Hartford, Conn.

The subject of it was a robust, hard laboring man, by trade a mason. He had, as he believed, been exposed to the contagion of small pox. Under the impression that a spare diet would essentially mitigate the virulence of the disease, from a full diet, in which animal food formed a large share, he restricted himself to one entirely vegetable, and this in so limited a quantity as was hardly sufficient to sustain life. This change in his mode of living, combined with the depressing influence of fear, from anticipation of a fatal and loathsome disease, soon reduced his once athletic frame, and involved him in all the horrors of Hypochondria. The time soon arrived when, according to his calculations, the small pox ought to make its appearance; but not a pock or pimple could he find upon him. A new cause of apprehension now took entire possession of his mind, viz: that he had the disease *internally*, that it was preying upon and destroying his system. Under this impression he consulted a physician, who, after listening to the history of his case, and making a careful examination, assured him that his apprehensions were entirely groundless, and existed only in his imagination.

This conclusion was far from being satisfactory to the hypochondriac. He was not thus easily to be reasoned out of his senses. The physician was dismissed as one wanting in skill, to discover and understand the nature of his complaint. A second and third was called, and both concurred in the decision of the first. But the patient, as is common in such cases, would sooner believe the whole fraternity at fault than himself the subject of mental hallucination, rejected all medical advice, confined himself to his room, and resigned himself to his fate. In the meantime his robust form had become attenuated almost to skin and bones. His friends now became seriously alarmed at his condition. The reputation of Dr. Todd, then residing at Farmington, although in early life, had spread into the neighboring towns, and his peculiar talent for the management of mental diseases, which so eminently qualified him to take charge of the Retreat of the Insane, had in numerous instances been manifested.

A brother of the patient called on Dr. Todd, and stated his case, and assured him that his confidence in the faculty was gone, and that it was without his knowledge that he was consulted. A plan was soon arranged by which the doctor should happen to pass the house of the patient, and he called in as if by accident. The next day Dr. Todd was seen driving at his usual rapid rate through the street where the patient lived; he was hailed by the messenger, and, in a tone of voice overheard by the patient, requested to call and see his brother, who had for some time suffered from ill health. The doctor alighted and was soon introduced to his patient, but was received without any recognition or act of civility, nor even raising his eyes to look at him; nor could he by any kind attention or inquiries elicit a word from his sullen and despairing patient.

With a tact peculiar to the doctor, he commenced a very minute and careful examination of the patient; first looking carefully into his ears, his nose and eyes; then arising hastily from his seat, he commenced walking the room as if in the utmost astonishment, and could hardly credit his senses, at the same time ejaculating in an under tone,—"Is it possible! Who would ever have thought it! Can it be!" Then resuming his place by the side of his patient, he went through an examination still more minute. Again leaving his seat, he continued his soliloquy. "It's a fact! There can be no mistake; and yet the like is not to be found in the records of medicine!"

By this time the patient's attention was aroused, and breaking over his taciturnity, he exclaimed,

"What! what! what is it, Dr. Todd?"

"What?" was the reply. "Sure enough!"

"But *what?*" reiterated the patient.

"Why, sir, something *very singular* in your case; but as I am not under any obligations to you for the discovery, I will keep it to myself. More than that, it is as much as a physician's reputation is worth to advance such an opinion."

"Doctor," said the patient, "*I must know*. I will do anything in my power you ask of me, to know."

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "if I tell you, it must be a profound secret between ourselves." To this the patient readily assented.

"Then, sir," continued the doctor, "you must know that you have *the small pox internally!*"

In an instant, with all the strength he could command, the patient sprang from the chair, seized the doctor by the hand, and exclaimed—"You are the doctor for me! This is just what I have been telling the doctors, but not one of them would believe a word of it. Now, is there any remedy? Is there any hope in my case?"

"I think there is," said the doctor; "but mark, all depends upon closely adhering to my direction. There are three ways by which this disease may be eradicated; one is by insensible perspiration; another by internal remedies, the third by bringing it out upon the surface in the form of an eruption."

"Let it be the last," was the quick response of the patient. "Let me have occular proof of the fact, and I shall be satisfied."

The patient was then put upon a nutritious diet, by which he rapidly regained his health and strength, at the same time taking some harmless medicinal preparation, which the doctor assured him, would in due season bring forth the eruption. When the specified time arrived, the doctor directed the housekeeper to strew his bed with cowage, an article known to most persons as producing an eruption, accompanied with an intolerable itching, when applied to the skin. His bed thus prepared, he retired on the night in which the doctor's skill was to be put to the test. He had not been long in bed, when, to his great satisfaction, the itching commenced; but, wishing to be fully assured that all was right, he called for a light, and found the surface of his body an entire blotch. Satisfied with the proof, he endured the suffering patiently until morning. Soon after, he resumed his business, and was never troubled again with the *small pox internally*.—*Hartford Courant.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Edward the Confessor inquires why the tenets of the Roman Church are like the females of the canine race. Probably because they are dog-mas.

Long Bow.—We do not know whether Baron Munchausen died in debt or not; but presume that such must have been the case, as his liabilities were so enormous.

Invalid wishes to know why Physicians are such queer fellows. Because they are cure us chaps.

Vivi Romæ asks what King of the Romans was like a stepmother. Numa, perhaps.

O. P. Q. would like to know why a foot is like a tradition. Because it is a leg end.

Cacoethes Scribendi inquires (before embarking in the business) whether poets do not have more difficulty in settling their bills, than in writing verses. No doubt of it; their cant-os do not give them half the uneasiness that their cant pays do.

Homo Marine asks where the cemetery of Neptune's family is located. At Behring Straits, to be sure.

Query asks why the wharves of New York are always ruined in building them. We imagine it is because they are spiled, and think he had better examine Watts' celebrated treatise upon Dox-ology for farther information.—*Knickerbocker.*

Dark Developments.—"See, heah, Gumbo, why am you like a blackguard?"

"Nober guess dat in de world, cos I ain't, you brack fool."

"You is, honey, cos you watches massa Jim's store, and you's not a berry white guard."

"Now, Pete, dat am bery surprisin', and combine tificating to calculate—but, nigger, why is you like a gentleman? Dah! dat stomp him."

"Breff my soul, Gumby, I nober tinked ob dat—gibs her up."

"Yah, yah!—so does I, sensible as I is—been tinking of it tree days, and fodder off dan I was at de start."

He Had Him There.—A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenborg thus:

"Mr. ———, you say we are to follow the same business in heaven that we do in this world?"

"Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason; for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should His creatures be?"

"Well, then, yer honor, do paple die there?"

"Certainly not—they are as immortal as the Creator himself."

"Thin, I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm a *grave digger* in this world."

Weighty News.—The other day a verdant genius stood in the street near the Telegraph Office, gazing at the telegraph wires, with mouth agap and distended ears, to the vibrating sound caused by the action of the wind upon the wires—supposing the noise was caused by the transmission of news. While in the midst of his wondering bewilderment, the American House gong sounded for dinner. The fellow jumped back and exclaimed, "The tarnal consarn has got as much as it can stand under now. Another French Revolution in China, I guess!"

A Travelling Depot.—"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on the railroad!"

"Why, Joe?"

"Kase if de cars see dat mouf ob youre dey tink it am de depo' and run rite in."

Shocking Pun.—A liberal reward, says the Boston Post, will be paid for information respecting the perpetrator of the following:

What effect did Cain's murder of his brother have on Abel's wife? Ans.—Made her miserable (miss her Abel.)

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
ACROSTICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.
My 1, 5, 4, 3, is a County in Illinois.
My 2, 12, 1, 14, 19, is a County in Georgia.
My 3, 6, 13, 15, 20, 12, is a County in Michigan.
My 4, 14, 26, 19, is a County in Missouri.
My 5, 8, 19, 2, 6, is a County in Michigan.
My 6, 7, 15, 4, 14, 11, is a County in Virginia.
My 7, 27, 26, 12, 33, 29, is a County in Indiana.
My 8, 1, 18, 19, is a County in Indiana.
My 9, 20, 24, 5, 18, 12, is a County in Tennessee.
My 10, 11, 16, 12, 8, 4, 3, is a County in Mississippi.
My 11, 3, 4, 18, 26, is a County in Kentucky.
My 12, 31, 21, 23, 19, is a County in North Carolina.
My 13, 8, 19, 22, 3, 23, is a County in Mississippi.
My 14, 27, 1, 23, is a County in Wisconsin.
My 15, 17, 28, 18, is a County in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 8, 11, 19, 15, is a County in Tennessee.
My 17, 6, 12, 8, 4, 5, 26, 15, is a County in Virginia.
My 18, 16, 5, 25, is a County in Ohio.
My 19, 15, 29, 8, 26, is a County in Kentucky.
My 23, 7, 9, is a River in Europe.
My 21, 11, 16, 12, 18, 15, is a County in New York.
My 22, 6, 3, 4, is a County in Georgia.
My 23, 1, 3, 18, 19, is a County in Kentucky.
My 24, 25, 12, 7, 5, 4, 3, 14, 8, 19, is a County in Illinois.
My 25, 16, 26, 15, is a Lake in Ireland.
My 26, 25, 21, 27, 12, 3, 18, 11, 19, 9, is a County in Louisiana.
My 27, 22, 5, 8, is a County in Virginia.
My 28, 11, 16, 12, 2, 9, is a County in Georgia.
My 29, 8, 21, 6, is one of the United States.
My 30, 16, 4, 15, 23, 26, 9, is a County in New York.
My whole is the name of the author and his residence.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 2, 5, 13, is one of the United States.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is a County in Missouri.
My 4, 3, 6, is a useful substance.
My 9, 2, 4, is a man's name.
My 14, 13, 4, is an instrument for fishing.
My 12, 8, 4, is a mischievous animal.
My 10, 2, 4, is a species of bird.
My 12, 11, 10, represents an action.
My 3, 5, 7, 13, 12, is a stream of water.
My 4, 11, 10, is a vessel to hold water.
My 10, 3, 2, 14, is a kind of food for cattle.
My 1, 8, 6, is a human being.
My whole is the name of a distinguished man.
Richmond, Virginia. J. T. W.

CHARADE.

My first is a stream in Europe found;
My next is a river on Asia's ground;
My third is a part of the human frame,
If you can't guess it, I'm not to blame.
My whole is a vegetable well known to you,
'Tis oft termed the "boon of distant Peru."

HENRICUS.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A company of men being met by a poor person, they agreed to give him charity, and one to give as much as the other; therefore they all contributed alike, nor was there given any fraction of pennies. When the relieved person counted his money he found he had received £3 10s. 1d. The question is, of how many men this generous company consisted. How many say some of your readers? D. D.

PUZZLE.

I wish you to place the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, in the form of a square, so as to count 15 every way.

V. FRIESE.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an elephant like a careful traveller?
Ans.—He takes good care of his trunk.

☞ Why is a person bound for California like a stone in a ring.
Ans.—He is set upon gold.

☞ Why is a legislative body like the Theatre?
Ans.—It is a House of Representatives.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Napoleon Bonaparte.—Try Again.

CHARADE.—Bob-a-Link.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
A pays $2.75 per acre—receives 119 1-11 acres
B pays $3.57 1-7 per acre—receives 193 10-11 acres

PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION.—480 feet.

Denominational Differences.—Rowland Hill once said, it was no ground of surprise that wolves should bark at the sheep; but that they should bark, and even *bite* each other, was too bad.

Selected Articles.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

When stationed at Bathurst, (Cape of Good Hope) a couple of years ago, I was taking a solitary ride, accompanied by my usual pack of about a dozen dogs of every kind and description; but instead of my rifle, I happened on that occasion to be only provided with a stout hunting whip. Whilst jogging quietly along the edge of the Lowie bush, about five miles from Bathurst, the dogs suddenly gave tongue, and I "yoiked" them forward through the covert, whose increasing thickness soon obliged me to dismount; whereupon, tying up my nag to the stump of a tree, I followed up the chase on foot. The dogs soon brought their quarry to bay; and fancying it must be a porcupine, I boldly advanced, flourishing aloft the aforesaid hunting whip.—Scarcely had I approached the scene of action—a thick "waaht een beetje" bush, around which the dogs were loudly baying—than a canine yell of agony, then two or three grunts, and a heavy crash amongst the underwood, announced the presence of a wild hog; and, before I had made up my mind what to do, an immense boar, with bristles like tooth-picks, all standing on end, rushed at me through the intervening bush. Of course I turned tail, and never ran so quick in all the course of my life, clearing at a single bound the clumps of brambles and shrubs which came in my path. Spite of numerous tumbles from my spurs catching in the creepers and monkey ropes, I still kept ahead; but piggy, perseveringly forcing his way through the underwood, which I had to jump over, was soon close at my heels; and at every purl I got, I fancied I felt his tushes grinding against my ribs.—The pace we were both going at was too quick to last, and just as I found myself quite done up, fortunately for me, a thick speck-broom brush stood in my way. With a last desperate effort, I made a spring which carried me into the midst of its soft, fleshy foliage and flowering boughs; the latter, fortunately, did not give way under my weight, and here, like King Charles in the oak, I looked down—though in no comfortable mood—upon my baffled and angry foe, who trotted round and round my place of refuge, sniffing the stems of the bush, and ever and anon casting up towards me his little twinkling bloodshot eyes, at which—for so close was I to the brute—I kept striking with the butt-end of the whip, whilst gathering up my legs in the best way I could to keep them out of his reach; and, as you may well fancy, all the time in the most confounded stew, lest the soft pulpy branches should give way and leave me to the tender mercies of Mr. Piggy, who, maddened at not being able to reach me, and at the baying of the dogs around, every now and then would make a sudden dash at some of the boldest of his assailants, and with a side thrust of his enormous tushes send them off howling with fearful wounds; and I had thus the mortification of helplessly witnessing the destruction of many of my favorites. A poor little devil of a pup happened to be of the party, and probably not knowing its danger, was suddenly turning upon his diminutive assailant, seized him in his foaming mouth, placed him on the slope of a bank, and appeared determined to disembowl him in the most scientific and approved-of fashion. At this critical moment of poor puppy, a powerful blood-hound rushed to the rescue, and though in so doing was badly ripped in the shoulder, succeeded in laying fast hold of the boar by the end of the snout, and thus pinned him to the ground. "Now," thinks I to myself, "is my sole chance." The only weapon I had with me besides the hunting whip, was a small mother-of-pearl pen-knife I had bought in the Quadrant for a shilling, when on the coach by which I left London to start for this country; it was my last purchase in Old England, and never was a shilling better laid out. Seeing this was my only chance, I opened the knife, jumped out of the bush, and seizing the boar by the ear, whilst the bloodhound was pinning his nose to the ground, I, thanks to some knowledge of anatomy, thrust it into what I knew to be an artery, left it sticking there, and as quickly scrambled back again to my former place of refuge. This was done, everything considered, with tolerable skill, as the event fully proved; for let me tell you, gentlemen, though a pig's internal conformation greatly resembles that of a man, yet, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the carotid artery might easily have been missed.

But to go on with my story, the boar, on finding himself wounded, made such a violent effort that he shook off the dog; the pen-knife fell from the wound, and, to my inexpressible delight, was followed by a plentiful stream of blood. The astonished animal suddenly stood still, and appeared steadfastly to listen to the novel sound, as the mimic cascade, spouting forth with a graceful curve, fell in a crimson shower, with—to my ears—the sweetest music of a spattering noise, on the dry and parched up soil. Being no longer molested by the dogs, who were now laying about in every direction, in a more or less disabled state, my bristly acquaintance had full leisure to indulge in his new meditations. He, after a while trotted off some twenty or thirty yards, stopped again, remained a few seconds quite motionless, assumed rather a sentimental look, staggered and fell forward, rolled over on his side and then gave up the ghost. Still, I could not bring myself to believe that the grim monster was really dead; that the Jew boy's penknife, like David's pebble from the brook, had actually slain this fierce Goliah of the woods. For a moment, therefore, I still remained ensconced amongst the branches of my leafy castle, in a state of the most anxious suspense, till, seeing no signs of returning life, as the dogs approached and snuffed the carcase, I slid cautiously down, picked up the bloody knife, crept on tip-toe towards my fallen enemy, touched him first gingerly with my foot, and then, finding him really dead, and no mistake, in the ecstacy of the moment, I took off my cap and gave three hearty cheers.—*Sketches from the Cape.*

DEFORMITIES OF SOCIAL LIFE.

BY J. M. C.

There are few traits of social life more repulsive than Tyranny. We refer not to the wrongs, real or imaginary, that are now engaging attention;—our tyrants are not those who have waded through blood to their thrones, and who grievously oppress their brother men;—we have to speak of the *petty* tyrants of the fireside, or the social circle, who trample like very despots on the opinions of their fellows. We meet with people of this class every where; they stalk by our side in the streets of life—they seat themselves in the pleasant circle on the hearth, casting a gloom on our gaiety,—and start up, dark and scowling, in the midst of scenes in which we expected unalloyed delight.

Let us take a look at the petty tyrants of the family circle.

Mr. Littleton is a middle-aged man, and the father of a family. He is a person of extensive knowledge,—at least he thinks so—reads the papers with a very intelligent look, has calculated on the probable fate of Europe, and the world in general a hundred years hence—and can discuss with equal ease the last commercial failure or an impending revolution. He has a grand idea of the province of the husband in the family circle, and acts accordingly—he has always some fault to find with the dinner—the roasted mutton is either burnt or half raw; the beefsteaks are as tough as leather, or crushed till they are useless; the soup is too hot, or too cold, or wants seasoning; in short, if he cannot find a fault he will invent one. If his wife has been purchasing a few articles for the children, and explains to him her reasons for so doing, it is ten to one he will interrupt her with—"Humbug! they had no need of them—don't tell me so!" If she states her opinion on any important subject, he says—"Pooh! you know nothing about the matter," and he then proceeds with a long account to show that he at least knows plenty. Now, what is the effect of all this? Its most natural tendency is to raise a feeling of irritation in the breast of the wife. She begins to murmur; and her murmurs are like the muttering of the thunder—a token of the coming storm. They quarrel; and peace, love and happiness flee from the house of strife.

The tyranny of the husband has other effects. You fair-haired boy is already imitating his father—already he is beginning to lord it over his brothers and sisters, and in his simple way he begins to exclaim, "Humbug!" "Pooh!" "What do you know about it?" and other ill-tempered phrases caught from his father's lips. Fathers! beware then—a domineering temper will not only embitter your own peace, but will plant the seeds of misery in your children's hearts; and perchance when grey hairs cover your care-worn brows, the turbulent spirit of ill-trained children may prove a bitter punishment for the exhibition of a bad example.

The Solar System.—During a recent lecture before the Whittington Club of London, delivered by the learned and eminent Professor Nichol, of Glasgow University, he used the following extraordinary language relative to the destruction of the solar system:—

"The planets are retained in their orbits because two opposite forces exactly balance each other. But modern astronomy has proved that there is a power at work destroying their balance. From observations made on the retarded return of Encke's comet, and its gradual approximation to the sun, we learn the existence of a fluid, an ether, which, however subtile, tends to diminish the centrifugal force, and add to the attraction of the sun. However slowly it may approach, we can yet contemplate the day when this present system shall pass away; not, however, into a vast ruin, but in its own beautiful and majestic order, just like a flower which, having adorned the earth, lets drop its leaves when its work is done, and falls back obediently upon its mother's bosom."

"MAN'S LOVE."

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWN.

When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth;
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle,
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing,
He forgets in that noisy din
That she is dying!

And when the young heart is still,
What though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill,
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head,
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead,
Thus man forgetteth!

For the Ladies.

FROM THE SATURDAY VISITER.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

MRS. SWISSHELM'S IDEAS ABOUT MAKING WIRE FENCE.

Dear Girls, I wrote you such a long letter last week, but it was about something private and particular—a dead secret that I did not want anybody to know but yourselves. I was afraid you could not all keep secrets—that you would leave your letter lying about until mother or some of the men folks would find it, and so I did not send it. I do not know what I am going to write about now; but first and foremost I must tell you how to make wire fence—not that it is likely you will make any, but when the men begin to talk about it, as many of them are beginning to do, you can tell them how. And here, by the way, it is a good thing for girls to learn to feel interested in what their fathers and brothers think and talk about. One reason is, it pleases them, another, it improves yourselves. They will be more ready to be interested in matters you think of—they will plant a shade tree for you more willingly, if you appear concerned about their orchards, fences, meadows, grain, &c. If any of them has a horse he is particularly proud of, never do you think it a trouble to look at or admire him. Praise him, too, if you can without telling untruths. It is right to do so; it is polite and kind to join with other people in admiring what they admire, if you can. We should find out what they like, and if it is innocent, show some interest about it. But besides all this, you should always try to understand the out-door business of the family. You may be placed in circumstances when it would be very necessary to know all about it. Nothing is more pitiful than a widow woman who knows nothing about her husband's business, and many a one has been brought to beggary, because she was always quite too feminine to know whether they were living on their own money or that of their creditors. It was the husband's business to provide, hers to spend. Most of the extravagance of women arises from their not knowing how their money comes. Very few of them would assist to involve their families in bankruptcy, if they knew what they were doing—understood their husband's business. But you are not wives yet, though it is quite likely some of you will be before long. Good daughters and sisters are apt to make good wives; and if you learn to talk with father about his business, it will teach you to think about things that you will find interests you all your life. But one thing in particular you should learn now, just because I know it; and that is, how to make wire fence. In the first place they get wire as thick as is used for large bucket handles, and posts such as are used for a board fence—by the way they had better get the boards, too, and have them ready. The posts must be charred at the end that is buried, then "faced off" or made smooth on one side. They should be firmly set, eight feet apart, if the boards are sixteen feet long—the wires are fastened against the smooth side of the posts with little iron staples—stretched tightly and brought back and forth three or four inches apart at the bottom, and something wider at the top. There must be one board nailed on above to keep the horses from cutting their throats by running against the wires, for they will not notice the fence at all, but will try to run through. Then the cross wires are woven up and down; some make these two feet apart, some three; but it is no matter how far or how near, the hogs will go through at any rate. The wires may act broker and shave them closely; but a hog is a genuine philosopher, he will endure a present evil for a prospective good; he will stand the shave, and make up his per centage in the corn patch beyond. Pigs are given to prying, and besides, have a good share of Yankee ingenuity and Dutch perseverance. They always appear to wonder what lies on the other side of the fence, and, unlike your bigoted politician or sectarian, they are quite willing to cross over and see for themselves. It does not take them long to discover that wires are "mere circumstances," and like the man of genius, who "bends circumstances to his will," they bend the wires to suit their purpose, and go through at pleasure. Horses, too, love music; and it will not take them long to learn that their iron shoes can make these wire strings quite sonorous. They will stand and scrape and paw as diligently as a young Miss at a hired piano. Sometimes they get tired of the slow process of making music with one fore foot, and so whirl around and lash away with both hind feet, until the wires fly right and left, and they have a grand *finale*. As one pannel is knocked off, the men can unfasten them and nail on boards. When they get the wires all off, they should roll it up carefully and put it away in a dry place until needed to make another fence. One piece of it should be strung across the granary to hang bags upon, for the mice cannot run along it to gnaw them.

This is the best and cheapest way to make wire fence. The posts being ready set to suit boards, all the extra expense is the wires, and all the extra trouble is putting them on and taking them off, unless, indeed, some of the horses should get badly hurt in assisting in the latter operation.

There is one pretty fence farmers ought to make, and you girls ought to help with it, and that is the thorn hedge. If you would go this fall and gather some black haws and plant them about four inches deep, they would come up in the spring, and you could soon have a nursery of hedge thorn. Then if the men would not set them out in a hedge, they should be put on a short allowance of tobacco! How beautiful a hedge of black thorn is! The blossom is so very lovely—such fences make a place look so well, and then they last forever. So do not neglect to have a hedge, if it be ever such a short one—some place near the house, for the birds to come and build their nests in—and—and—the other side of a hedge is such a nice place to listen to your beau talking philosophy about the moon. If he should be absent-minded like Newton, and think your finger a cigar and carry it to his lips to bite the end off, folks on that side could not see the blunder half so easily as if you walked beside a board fence.

Varieties.

Influence of Cutting Hair.—Medical men are occasionally asked whether it is proper to cut the patient's hair; whether, in fact, this operation has any influence upon the health. M. Fredeirique resolves the question by giving the following illustration:

A little girl, aged three years, of good health in general, had her hair grow excessively long during the course of a few months. She was a beautiful child, but had lately wasted without any apparent cause, becoming dull and apathetic, losing her appetite and strength without any organic lesion being discernable. She was placed upon a tonic regimen with chalybeates, but without deriving material benefit, until her hair was cut short, at the suggestion of a friend, from which time she rapidly gained strength.

It would appear, from this case, that the economy had suffered a loss in the expenditure of blood necessary for the secretion of the abundant crop of hair. M. Frederique considers that it is the formation of the coloring matter which chiefly exhausts the blood, as this is formed at the expense of the hæmatosine.

Distribution of Fortune's Gifts.—One of Mr. Keith's daughters, while recounting to him an instance of unbecoming parsimony in a great personage, added a regret that those most richly endowed with the gifts of fortune were not always possessed of the generous and liberal heart which ought to accompany them. "Child!" exclaimed Mr. Keith, "would you give them *that*, too?"

The Ancient Britons.—In a lecture at Aberdare, the Rev. J. Griffiths has declared it a fact, that the Welsh language had been preserved so pure, that the Briton of the time of Julius Cæsar might converse with ease with the Welshman of 1849.

Agricultural.

WHAT DOES IT COST A POUND TO GROW COTTON?

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

This is a question of vast importance to the United States. Who can answer it? Not one in ten of those that make it their staple crop, I venture to say; for cotton planters are as careless in this respect as though they were conducting a business of cents and dimes, insead of dollars and eagles.

I therefore propose to give you an extract from my notes, which I have been taking during my extensive agricultural tour the past winter and spring, not only to show the character of the information that I have been gathering, but in the hope that it may induce others to come out and give more and better information, or point out any errors in my statements.

The cost of making 331,136 pounds of cotton last year upon one of the best plantations of South Carolina was $17,894 48, or a fraction over five cents and four mills a pound, including freight and commission, as well as interest upon a fair valuation of property.

The cost, exclusive of freight and commission and including interest, of making 128,000 pounds upon the "cane brake lands of Alabama," last year, was $6,676.80, a fraction over over five cents and two mills a pound.

This is considered the richest cotton land in the world; and, although the crop was called a small one, it was probably about an average one.

The field hands upon this place numbered seventy five, counting all over twelve years old, which gives a fraction less than four and one-third bales to each.

Now this crop has to be hauled over about twenty five miles of the worst road in the world, when wet, as they usually are at the time the crop is ready to go to market, and then down the difficult and dangerous navigation of the Tombigbee River.

I am satisfied that these two crops give a better showing than three-fourths of the cotton crops of the United States. My own opinion is, that whenever cotton is below six cents it does not pay interest upon the capital invested, except perhaps in some few cases.

Below I give a table of items of expense upon the first plantation mentioned. This is owned by Col. J. N. Williams, of Society Hill, and lies upon what is called the swamp lands of the Peedee River. These items are necessary to show that I have not stated the expense too high:

The capital consists of—

4,200 acres of land (2,700 in cultivation) at $15,	$63,000 00
254 slaves at $350 each, average old and young,	89,900 00
60 mules and mares, and 1 jack, and 1 stud, average $60,	3,720 00
200 head of cattle, at $10,	2,000 00
500 " hogs, at $2,	1,000 00
23 carts and 6 wagons,	520 00
60 bull-tongue ploughs, 60 shaving do., 25 turning do., 15 drill do., 15 harrows, at an average of $1 50 each	262 00
All other plantation tools estimated worth	1,000 00
Cash expenses,	$161,402 00
Interest is only counted on the five first items, $158,620, at 7 per cent	11,103 40
3,180 yards Dundee bagging, at 16 cts., 5 yds. to a bale)	636 80
3,181 lbs. of rope, at 6 cents,	190 04
Taxes on 254 slaves, at 76 cents,	193 04
" land,	70 00
Three overseers' wages,	900 00
Medical attendance, $1 25 per head,	317 50
Bill of yearly supply of iron, average	100 00
Ploughs and other tools purchased, annual average	100 00
300 pairs of shoes, $175; annual supply of hats, $100,	275 00
Bill of cotton and woollen cloth,	810 00
100 cotton comforters, in lieu of bed blankets,	125 00
100 oil-cloth capotes, (New York cost)	87 50
20 small woollen blankets for infants,	25 00
Calico dress and handkerchief for each woman and girl, (extra of other clothing)	82 00
Christmas presents, given in lieu of "negro crop,"	175 00
50 sacks of salt,	50 00
Annual average outlay for iron and wood work for carts and wagons,	100 00
Lime and plaster bought last year,	194 00
Annual average outlay for gin, belts, &c.,	80 00
400 gallons of molasses,	100 00
3 kegs of tobacco, $60; 2 bbls. of flour, $10,	70 00
¼ of a cent a pound on cotton for freight and commission,	2,069 60
	$17,894 48
The crop of cotton at 6 cents will amount to	$19,868 16
Col. Williams has also credited this place with the additional items drawn from it:—	
13,500 lbs. of bacon, taken for home place and factory,	675 00
Beef and butter for ditto and sales,	500 00
1,100 bushels of corn and meal for do. and sales,	550 00
80 cords of tan bark for his tan yard,	480 00
Charges to others for blacksmith work,	100 00
Mutton and wool for home use and sales,	125 00
	$22,298 16

Profits over and above interest and expense upon this total are $4,403 68.

Counting cotton only at six cents, profits are $1,973 68; counting it at seven cents, ($23,179 52,) and profits are $5,285 04. It is proper to state that part of the crop was sold at seven cents, and it may average that.

Now it must be borne in mind that this is one of the best plantations, as well in soil as management, and that this was an extraordinary good crop. It must also be assumed that the land will continue to maintain its fertility and value, and that the same hands will keep the buildings in repair, as no allowance is made in the expense account for such repairs, or there will be a loss under that head.

Most of the corn and meal credited comes from a toll mill on the place. All the cloth and shoes are manufactured by Col. Williams, but upon a distinct place.

The place mentioned in Alabama belongs to Robert Montague, Esq., of Marengo County.—The items of valuation are:—

1,100 acres of land, at $25,	$27,500 00
120 slaves, at $400,	48,000 00
4 wagons,	400 00
5 yoke of oxen, at $30,	150 00
30 mules and horses, at $75,	2,250 00
4,000 bushels of corn on hand for plantation use, at 35 cents,	1,400 00
Fodder and oats on hand for plantation use,	200 00
40 head of cattle, at $5, for plantation use,	200 00
70 head of sheep, at $2, for plantation use,	140 00
200 head of hogs for plantation use,	600 00
20,000 lbs. bacon and pork for plantation use,	1,000 00
Ploughs and all other tools for plantation use,	500 00
	$82,240 00
Interest on capital, at 7 per cent.,	$5,756 80
Cash expenses, taxes, average,	100 00
Blankets, hats, and shoes, (other clothing all home-made)	250 00
Medical bill, average not exceeding	40 00
500 pounds of iron, $50; hoes, spades, &c., $30,	80 00
Average outlay for mules over what are raised,	100 00
Average expense yearly for machinery repairs,	30 00
Bagging and rope,	320 00
	$6,676 80

This crop, (28,000 pounds,) at six cents nett, will leave a balance of $1,004 20, which is just about enough to pay the owner common wages of an overseer, which business he attends to himself.

Now, while there may be a few better places, there are thousands not near so good in all the cotton-growing region.

I could go on at considerable length to give other items about cotton, as well as similar information about sugar, &c., but my time nor your space will not allow it now.

I would remark, however, that I am publishing a series of letters in the American Agriculturist, published in New York, for which I am the travelling correspondent. It is possible, also, that I may publish the observations of my tour in a more extended and permanent form, whenever I get time to write out all the notes that I have taken.

Any thing that I can do to add to the agricultural information of my country I have a strong desire to do.

I am, most respectfully, &c.,
SOLON ROBINSON.

Washington, June 4, 1849.

Improved Fence.—The friend of improvement in everything, I deem it my essential duty to suggest to those who have lands to enclose, the propriety of making trial of a species of fence of which I have recently had a description, and which is said to be both cheap and efficient. The posts are made of common clay, struck in moulds of the desired size, and burnt in kilns, the same as bricks. These posts are perforated with holes of the size of a common pipe stem, and are either three or four in number, as required, and are made before burning, or in the mould. The posts are set in the soil, after receiving a coat of coal tar. Wires are then passed through the holes, from post to post, properly secured, and coated with coal tar or paint, to preserve the surface from atmospheric action, and prevent rust. This fence is cheap, looks well, and is very durable.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Discovery.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) Register notices the discovery of a new esculent in Campbell county, in the mountainous regions of that State, which very much resembles the yam of the tropics. Some specimens had been shown to the editor by Mr. Balestier, American Consul, lately returned from Singapore, which measured from six to eighteen inches in length and weighed from two to ten pounds each. The editor says—"Boiled and baked, they furnish an excellent substitute for bread or potatoes, and must form a great resource to the future settlers of that large and fine portion of our State, now without a population and but little known."

Turnip Seed.—One of the most respectable farmers in Montgomery county called on us a short time since, and gave us the following directions for preparing turnip seed for sowing:—Mix the seed with *flour of sulphur*, then put in a bottle, and cork up perfectly tight for six or eight weeks previously to planting. He has pursued this plan for several years, and has never known it to fail to protect the crop effectually against the fly. This is an important hint to our farmers; and we commend it to their attention.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

Protect your Vines.—We are informed, by a gentleman of this town, of an experiment made by him, last year, upon his squash vines, which proved successful in clearing off the bugs. He strewed on the vines the *bran of pepper*, which may be obtained at any of the spice mills where pepper is ground. Every one who has a garden will appreciate the value of a remedy so cheap and simple, and give it a trial. We should like to have those who try the experiment, give us the result if they find it successful.—*Lynn News.*

Cucumbers.—When a cucumber is taken from the vine, let it be cut off with a knife, leaving about the eighth of an inch of the cucumber remaining to the stem upon which it grew, then slit the stem with a knife from its end to the vine, leaving a particle of the cucumber to each division, and as many slits or divisions as are made in it there will be new cucumbers, as large and as fine as those that grow in the natural way.—*Maine Cultivator.*

The Olio.

SONG.

FROM JERROLD'S WEEKLY NEWS.

Soft eyes of blue—sweet eyes of blue—
They haunt me morn and night;
Whate'er I do, they thrill me through—
They're ever in my sight;
It was not so a May ago,
Uncaged my fancy flew,
Ah, quiet thought!—by love unwrought,
And those sweet eyes of blue.

Adieu—adieu—my books, on you
I never more may pore,
From every page those fair eyes gaze,
I read—I read no more;
No sweetest tongue hath ever sung
Aught I may now dream through,
My thought they trance with haunting glance—
Those dreaming eyes of blue.

Oh love! oh change! how cold and strange
To all old thoughts I've grown!
Hope's learned to prize those soft fair eyes,
Those mild sweet eyes alone;
'Tis so—'tis so—all—all, they go,
The hopes I used to woo—
My haunted thought can harbor nought
Save those fair eyes of blue.

Greenwich. W. C. BENNETT.

Black and Green Tea.—Black and green teas are produced from the same plant, though botanists were long at issue about this question. The idea of green tea being dried upon copper is a popular fallacy, for the tea would be flavored and spoiled in such a process; besides, the bloom can be given by harmless means. Dr. Lettsom, by the way, thought it was given by a vegetable. Mr. Ball, who has lately written a very sensible book on "The Culture and Manufacture of Tea in China," describes an experiment by which he proves that tea may be dried black and green at once, in the same vessel and over the same fire. He divided the pan, and the leaves on one side he kept in motion and the other quiet, when the latter became black and the former green; thus proving the difference of color to be not derived from any management of heat, but from manipulation, the heat being the same in both cases. Gunpowder tea is dried at the highest temperature, and Pekoe at the lowest. The chemical cause of black tea is its loss of tannin in its drying previous to roasting, an opinion supported by the recent testimony of Liebig. Again, Mr. Ball thinks there may be one species of tea plant, but several varieties, though all botanical difference is destroyed in the course of packing.

Discovery in the Arts.—M. Leclaire, of Paris, has discovered that the *white of zinc* is a substitute for ceruse or white lead in oil painting. It saves health, and life, and expense. The Paris statistics of *saturnine* or *lead disease* and mortality are indeed dreadful. He has tried the substitute in more than six thousand localities, on public and private structures. A Committee of the Society for the Encouragement of Industrial Arts, has reported the completeness and various advantages of his discovery.

M. de Ruolz has also made a discovery which concerns the health of the world; a paint, which, applied to the dampest and most saltpetered walls, renders the surface firm and dry. The results of the application of it in the casements and cellars of the forts, have induced the Minister of War to order it for most of the military edifices.

Beauty of a Coral Island.—Although there is not much variety, there is considerable beauty in a small coral reef when viewed from a ship's mast head, at a short distance, in clear weather. A small island, with a white sand beach and a tuft of trees, is surrounded by a symmetrically oval space of shallow water, of a bright grass-green color, so closed by a ring of glittering surf, as white as snow, immediately outside of which is the rich dark blue of deep water. All the sea is perfectly clear from any mixture of sand or mud; even where it breaks on a mud beach, it retains its perfect purity, as the large grains of coral are heavy, and do not break into mud.

☞ They don't call the political prints "our party press," in New Jersey; they are styled "our *sister presses*."

Science and Art.

A Fossil Fraud.—The *ne plus ultra* of imposition upon the credulity of the public, as regards the existence of the "sea serpent," was attempted, a few years since, by a M. Koch, who exhibited in America, under the name of *Hydrarchos Sillimani*, a skeleton constructed by him from bones collected in various parts of Alabama, and which he denominated a "fossil sea serpent." The bones belonged to several individual skeletons of an extinct marine cetacean, termed *Basilosaurus* by the American naturalists, and better known in England by that of *Zeuglodon*, a term signifying *yoked tooth*. This Koch did, by stringing together all the vertebræ he could obtain of the *Basilosaurus*, arranging them in a serpentine form, and manufacturing a skull and claws. To this he gave the name of *Hydrarchos*. The truth, however, was immediately exposed by the American naturalists.

Wear of the Niagara Falls.—The 710,000 tons of water which each minute pour over the precipice of Niagara, are estimated to carry away a foot of the cliff every year. Taking this average, and adopting the clear geological proof that the fall once existed at Queen's-town, four miles below, we must suppose a period of 20,000 years occupied in this recession of the cataract to its actual site; while in the delta of the Mississippi, nearly 14,000 square miles in extent, an estimate founded on its present rate of increase, and on calculation of the amount of earthy matter brought down the stream, has justified Mr. Lyell in alleging that 67,000 years must have elapsed since the formation of this great deposit began.—*Quarterly Review.*

Revolution of the Earth in an Hour.—The revolution of the earth is performed in a natural day, or, more strictly speaking, once in 23h. 56m. 4s; and, as its mean circumference is 24,871, it follows, that any point in its equatorial surface has a rotatory motion of more than 1,000 miles per hour. This velocity must gradually diminish to nothing at either pole. Whilst the earth is thus revolving upon its axis, it has a progressive motion in its orbit. If we take the length of the earth's orbit at 600,000,000, its motion through space must exceed 68,490 miles in the hour.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*